

THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™



FORELOCK the WARLOCK

HAUNTED HORROR™

#12



"ROTGUT CHILLERS,
CRAMMED TOGETHER INTO A FAT COLOR COMIC
BOOK AND DROPPED INTO YOUR WARM LAP."

—THE COMICS JOURNAL

FORELOCK THE WARLOCK



Art by
Angelo Torres

LITTLE CHILDREN... IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT YOU HAVE BEEN READING COMIC BOOKS INSTEAD OF DOING YOUR SCHOOL WORK, KEEPING UP WITH YOUR CHORES, GETTING HEALTHY EXERCISE OUT IN THE FRESH AIR, AND BEING INVOLVED WITH OTHER GOOD, WHOLESOME ACTIVITIES! YOUR BELOVED FORELOCK THE WARLOCK HAS THIS TO SAY ABOUT THAT, DEAREST ONES: KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!



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Haunted Horror
in two months!

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CODE OF THE SHADOWMASTER

THERE IS NO ESCAPE, LINC MARS!
PART OF THE DERINGO FAMILY
LEGEND SAYS THAT YOU MUST DIE...
AND BY YOUR OWN HAND... FOR
DOING THIS TO US!

NO! NO! THIS— THIS
IS SOME KIND OF TRICK...
AN ILLUSION!

IT STARTED ONE NIGHT ON A JUNKY CARNY
MIDWAY WHERE ARTIST LINC MARS WAS
PRACTISING HIS TRADE...

THERE YOU ARE, HONEY!
A WORK OF ART FOR HALF A
BUCK! YOU'LL NEVER GET
A BIGGER BARGAIN!

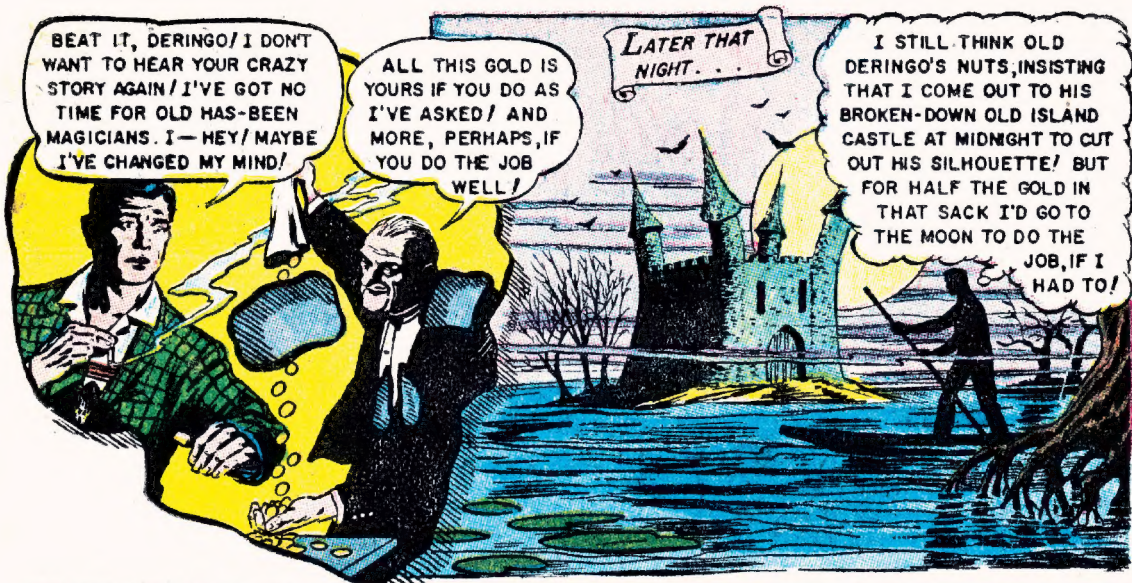
OH! WHY— WHY,
IT'S PERFECT! LOOKS
JUST LIKE ME!

SUPPOSE YOU WERE A SILHOUETTE ARTIST
AND THE GREAT DERINGO, LAST OF A FAMILY OF
MAGICIANS AND SORCERERS, ASKED YOU TO
GRANT HIM LIFE AFTER DEATH, AS PROMISED
BY HIS FAMILY LEGEND, SIMPLY BY CUTTING
HIS LIKENESS FROM A PIECE OF BURIAL SACK-
CLOTH? YOU'D LAUGH, WOULDN'T YOU? THAT'S
WHAT LINC MARS DID, TOO BUT NOT FOR
LONG. SOON HIS LAUGHTER TURNED INTO
SOUL-TORTURED SCREAMING

BUT THE CROWD SOON DISPERSED...

CROWD'S THINNED OUT
UNTIL AFTER THE DINNER
HOUR! MIGHT AS WELL
TAKE A BREAK FOR
SOME CHOW!

MR. MARS! I BEG OF YOU
AGAIN TO LISTEN TO ME!
DO AS I ASK! THE MORE
I WATCH YOU WORK, THE
MORE POSITIVE I AM THAT
YOU ARE
THE ARTIST
I NEED!



BEAT IT, DERINGO/ I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR CRAZY STORY AGAIN/ I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR OLD HAS-BEEN MAGICIANS. I— HEY/ MAYBE I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!

ALL THIS GOLD IS YOURS IF YOU DO AS I'VE ASKED/ AND MORE, PERHAPS, IF YOU DO THE JOB WELL!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

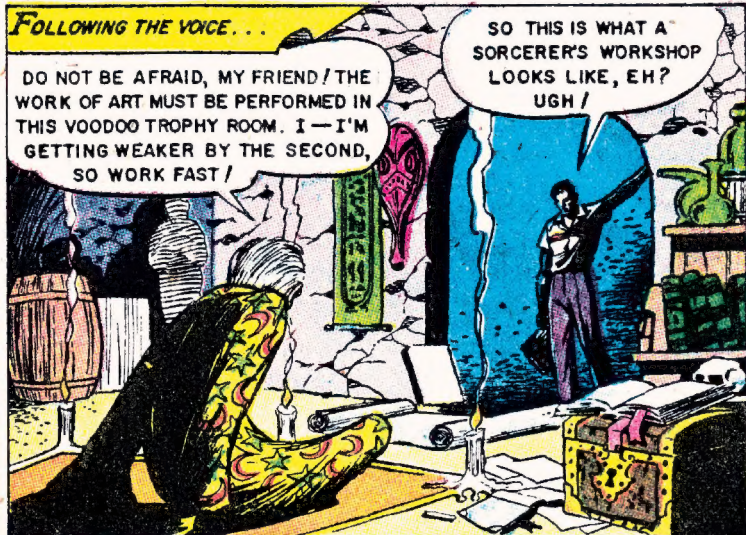
I STILL THINK OLD DERINGO'S NUTS, INSISTING THAT I COME OUT TO HIS BROKEN-DOWN OLD ISLAND CASTLE AT MIDNIGHT TO CUT OUT HIS SILHOUETTE/ BUT FOR HALF THE GOLD IN THAT SACK I'D GO TO THE MOON TO DO THE JOB, IF I HAD TO!



THE DERINGO CASTLE WAS EVEN MORE DESOLATE THAN LINC IMAGINED...

WHEW! THIS PLACE MUST BE A THOUSAND YEARS OLD/ IT HOLDS THE CHILL OF DEATH!

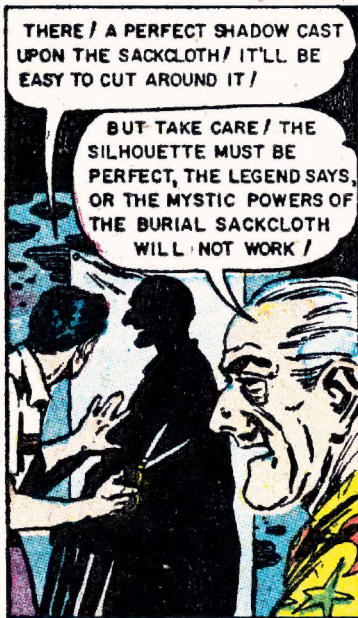
IN HERE, LINC MARS/ I—I'M TOO WEAK TO COME TO MEET YOU, TO GUIDE YOU HERE!



FOLLOWING THE VOICE...

DO NOT BE AFRAID, MY FRIEND! THE WORK OF ART MUST BE PERFORMED IN THIS VOODOO TROPHY ROOM. I—I'M GETTING WEAKER BY THE SECOND, SO WORK FAST!

SO THIS IS WHAT A SORCERER'S WORKSHOP LOOKS LIKE, EH? UGH!



THERE! A PERFECT SHADOW CAST UPON THE SACKCLOTH! IT'LL BE EASY TO CUT AROUND IT!

BUT TAKE CARE! THE SILHOUETTE MUST BE PERFECT, THE LEGEND SAYS, OR THE MYSTIC POWERS OF THE BURIAL SACKCLOTH WILL NOT WORK!



THOUGH LINC MARS WORKED FAST, OLD DERINGO WAS FEARFULLY IMPATIENT...

HURRY/ I FEEL MY OLD HEART GROWING WEAKER/ THE LEGEND SAYS THAT THIS MUST ONLY BE DONE AS I'M DYING, BUT I HOPE I HAVEN'T WAITED TOO LONG!

WHAT BUNK! WHEN IT COMES TIME FOR THE OLD BOY TO KONK OFF, THIS JUNKY OLD RAG OR NOTHING WILL STOP IT!

SNIP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

MARVELOUS/ A PERFECT LIKENESS/ ALREADY I FEEL THE MAGIC POWERS OF THE CLOTH BEGIN TO PULSE THROUGH ME!

OKAY, DERINGO, THE JOB'S DONE TO YOUR SATISFACTION. NOW, WHERE'S THE BONUS YOU PROMISED!

THEN THE OLD MAN TOTTERED TO A HIDDEN WALL SAFE AND...

A DERINGO ALWAYS KEEPS HIS PROMISE. YOU SHALL HAVE MORE GOLD!

WOW! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN THAT SAFE! WITH MONEY LIKE THAT I—I COULD LIVE LIKE A KING!

NEVER MIND, DERINGO! I'VE DECIDED TO HELP MYSELF, JUST IN CASE YOU MIGHT NOT BE TOO GENEROUS!

UGGGGGH! YOU—YOU FOOL! I WAS...GOING TO... GIVE IT ALL TO YOU... ANYHOW, BUT NOW YOU'VE...



THE OLD MAN'S VOICE TRAILED OFF WEAKLY AND LINC MARS HEARD THE DEATH RATTLE IN HIS THROAT BUT WAS UNMOVED...

SO I KILLED THE OLD CRACKPOT! HE WAS ABOUT READY TO KONK OFF, ANYHOW! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? MAN, WHAT A FORTUNE!

THEN...

BUT I'M AFRAID IT DOES MATTER, MY FINE ARTIST FRIEND! YOU SEE, IF A DERINGO DIES BY VIOLENCE, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, THE MURDERER BRINGS DOOM TO US... AND HIMSELF!

BY YOUR VIOLENT ACT WE ARE NOW ALL CONDEMNED TO THE NETHER WORLD OF THE UNDEAD, THERE TO DWELL UNTIL WE ARE RELEASED BY YOUR DEATH... AT YOUR OWN HAND!

THIS— THIS IS MAD! IT'S SOME KIND OF A MAGIC TRICK! IT—IT MUST BE! CUT IT OUT, DERINGO!



A MOMENT LATER, IN A PUFF OF SMOKE, THE FIGURE OF DERINGO COMPLETELY VANISHED

I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND... DERINGO'S CORPSE HAS DISAPPEARED, TOO! ALL THAT REMAINS IS THIS BIT OF CHARRED SACK-CLOTH! I—I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

THE NEXT DAY...

THIRTY GRAND! MORE MONEY THAN I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY WHOLE LIFE!



WITH THE FIRST FLUSH OF SUDDEN WEALTH, LINC MARS SOON FORGOT THE MACABRE EVENTS AT DERINGO'S CASTLE...

ONLY TWO HUNDRED BUCKS FOR THIS RAG, YOU SAY? OKAY, I'LL TAKE HALF A DOZEN, FOR NOW!

YES, SIR!

FOR A FEW WEEKS LINC MARS LIVED HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME...

I USED TO WONDER HOW GUYS COULD GO THROUGH A FORTUNE SO FAST BUT NOW I KNOW. I'M DOWN TO MY LAST FEW THOUSAND, BUT A LITTLE LUCK AT THE TABLES TONIGHT CAN FIX THAT!

BUT LADY LUCK WAS NOT WITH HIM...

DOUBLE O, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

CLEANED UP! NOT A BLESSED BUCK LEFT! I MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? WHAT'LL I DO?

A FEW WEEKS LATER AND THE CAR, EXPENSIVE CLOTHES AND JEWELRY WERE ALSO GONE. THEN...

OH, WELL, EASY COME, EASY GO! AT LEAST I CAN STILL MAKE A LIVING CUTTING OUT SILHOUETTES!

SOON HE WAS BACK AT HIS OLD HAUNTS...

SURE, KID/ YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OLD SPOT BACK AGAIN FOR THE SAME OLD CUT OF YOUR PROFITS!

OKAY, MAC/ WATCH ME PULL THE CROWDS!

AND QUICKLY...

THIS ONE'S ALMOST FINISHED! WHO'S NEXT TO HAVE THEIR SILHOUETTE CUT OUT BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTIST?

ME! I'M NEXT! THIS GUY'S REALLY GOOD!

BUT AS LINC HANDS OVER THE SILHOUETTE...

HERE Y'ARE, LADY! THANKS FOR YOUR PATRONAGE--- W---WHAT...???

WOOST!

EEEEYAAAH! WHAT KIND OF CRAZY TRICK IS THIS?

STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE WAS IN STORE FOR LINC MARS.



DERINGO! OR AM I—
AM I SEEING THINGS?

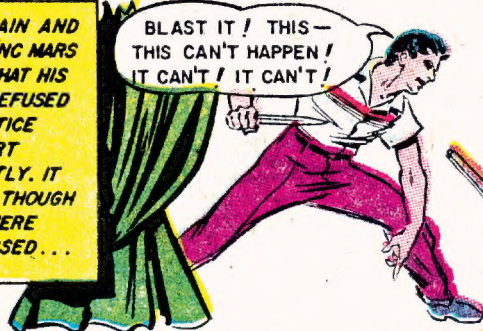
HA! THIS IS BUT THE
FIRST STEP TOWARD
DRIVING YOU TO DO WHAT
YOU MUST DO TO RELEASE US
FROM THE WORLD OF THE UNDEAD!
REMEMBER WHAT THAT IS,
LINC MARS?

THEN ANOTHER STRANGE THING HAPPENED.



MY HANDS! MY HANDS! I—I CAN'T
CONTROL THEM! THIS— THIS IS FANTASTIC!
WHAT'S WRONG?

*BUT AGAIN AND
AGAIN LINC MARS
FOUND THAT HIS
HANDS REFUSED
TO PRACTICE
THEIR ART
CORRECTLY. IT
WAS AS THOUGH
THEY WERE
POSSESSED...*



BLAST IT! THIS—
THIS CAN'T HAPPEN!
IT CAN'T! IT CAN'T!

BUT APPARENTLY NOBODY ELSE SAW THE APPARITION...



I DEMAND MY MONEY BACK,
YOUNG MAN! WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE, A MAGICIAN
AS WELL AS AN ARTIST?
I DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR
SENSE OF HUMOR!

HA HA! JUST A
LITTLE... (GULP!)...
JOKE, MADAME! TO...
UH... ATTRACT A CROWD,
YOU KNOW! SIT DOWN
AND I'LL CUT YOU A
NEW SILHOUETTE!



LOOK! NOW HE'S MADE THE
OLD GAL LOOK LIKE A WITCH!
HA HA! WHAT A GAGSTER!

W—WAIT, MADAME!
THERE— THERE'S
SOME MISTAKE!

WATCH OUT! HE'S
GOING BERSERK!



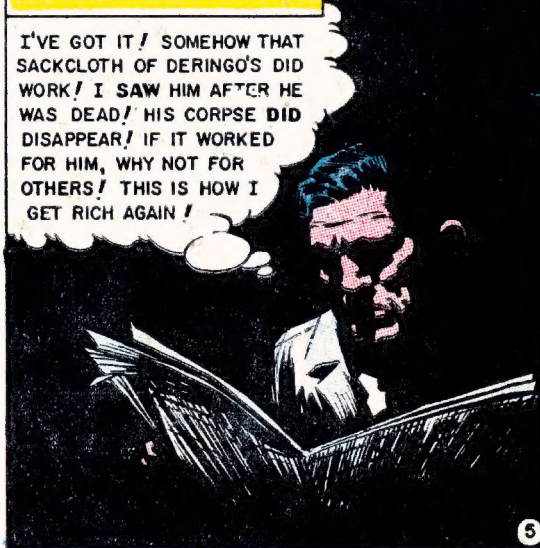
FINALLY...



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S MADE
YOU FLIP, LINC, BUT I CAN'T
PUT UP WITH THAT KIND OF
STUFF! GET OFF THE LOT
AND STAY OFF!

BAH! IT WAS A ROTTEN
WAY TO MAKE A LIVING,
ANYHOW! I'D NEVER BE
HAPPY WORKING FOR
PEANUTS AGAIN! I'VE
GOTTEN USED TO BIG DOUGH.
SOMEHOW I'LL GET IT AGAIN!

A FEW DAYS LATER...



I'VE GOT IT! SOMEHOW THAT
SACKCLOTH OF DERINGO'S DID
WORK! I SAW HIM AFTER HE
WAS DEAD! HIS CORPSE DID
DISAPPEAR! IF IT WORKED
FOR HIM, WHY NOT FOR
OTHERS! THIS IS HOW I
GET RICH AGAIN!

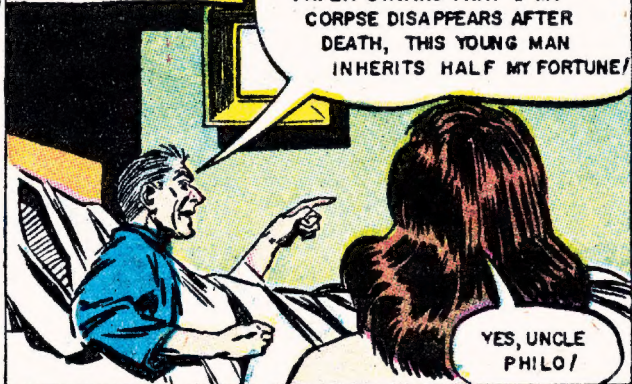
THAT SAME DAY LINC MARS RETURNED TO DERINGO'S CASTLE, TOOK THE REMAINDER OF THE MAGIC SACKCLOTH BOLT. THEN . . .



YOU SAY YOU READ IN THE PAPER THAT MY UNCLE WAS DYING BUT THAT YOU CAN GIVE HIM LIFE AFTER DEATH? ARE YOU INSANE, YOUNG MAN?

CRAZY LIKE A FOX, MISS? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE? HE'S GOING TO DIE, ANYHOW!

QUICKLY, LINC TALKED HIS WAY TO THE BED-SIDE OF THE DYING INDUSTRIAL TYCOON, PHILO GREELY. . .



MOST... (GASP!)... CRACKPOT SCHEME I'VE EVER HEARD BUT AT LEAST IT'S AMUSING ME IN MY DYING MOMENTS/GO AHEAD, YOUNG MAN / IRMA, MAKE OUT A PAPER STATING THAT IF MY CORPSE DISAPPEARS AFTER DEATH, THIS YOUNG MAN INHERITS HALF MY FORTUNE!

YES, UNCLE PHILO!

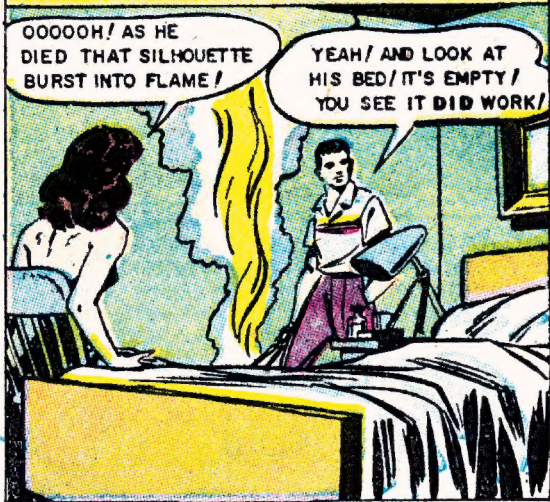
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



THERE / HIS LIKENESS HAS BEEN CUT FROM THE SACKCLOTH!

QUICK, IRMA / I—I'M DYING / I—(GROAN!)

AND, AS LINC HAD ANTICIPATED...



OOOOOH! AS HE DIED THAT SILHOUETTE BURST INTO FLAME!

YEAH / AND LOOK AT HIS BED / IT'S EMPTY / YOU SEE IT DID WORK!

THE TERMS OF THE OLD MAN'S DYING STATEMENT WERE CARRIED OUT. THEN IRMA GREELY FOUND THAT SHE'D NOT ONLY LOST HALF HER FORTUNE TO THE HANDSOME ARTIST— BUT HER HEART AS WELL...



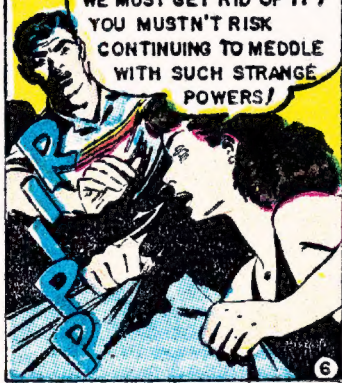
NOW THAT WE'RE BOTH RICH, LET'S TAKE A LONG TRIP, DARLING!



NOT NOW. I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO/ONCE BEFORE, I HAD A LOT OF DOUGH... AND LOST IT ALL / THIS TIME I'M GOING TO GET SO MUCH I CAN NEVER LOSE IT ALL!

WITH THIS CRAZY MAGIC CLOTH I CAN GIVE ANYBODY LIFE AFTER DEATH/ I CAN GET ANY PRICE I WANT FOR THAT SERVICE / I---

NO, NO, DARLING/ I'M AFRAID / THERE'S SOME TERRIBLE MYSTIC POWER IN THAT CLOTH / WE MUST GET RID OF IT / YOU MUSTN'T RISK CONTINUING TO MESSLE WITH SUCH STRANGE POWERS!



WITH THAT, LING FLEW AT IRMA IN MURDEROUS RAGE AND

TRY TO DESTROY MY POWER TO MAKE MONEY, WILL YOU? I— I'LL FIX YOU!

NO, LING! STOP! AWWWWK! CAN'T BREATHE! AARRRRGGHHH!

WHEN HIS ANGER HAD COOLED AND LING SAW THAT IN HIS FRENZY, HE'D KILLED IRMA

I—I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER CORPSE BEFORE THE POLICE COME! MAYBE THE SACKCLOTH SILHOUETTE WILL WORK AFTER DEATH, TOO! IT—IT'S GOT TO!

BUT AFTER HE'D CUT A SILHOUETTE.

IT—IT DIDN'T WORK! THE SILHOUETTE BURST INTO FLAME, ALL RIGHT, WHEN I'D FINISHED, BUT INSTEAD OF IRMA---

WE MATERIALIZED! THE DERINGOS! YOU SEE, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND WHEN THE LAST OF THE SACKCLOTH WAS

CUT, THAT HAD TO HAPPEN! NOW YOU WILL DIE, AS FORE-ORDAINED, AND RELEASE US FROM THE HELLISH WORLD OF THE HALF DEAD!

NO! NO! YOUR LEGEND SAYS I MUST DIE BY MY OWN HAND! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME ---

CAN'T WE?

AS IN HIS HORRIFIED HASTE, LING MARS STUMBLED AND FELL, THE TERMS OF THE DERINGO LEGEND WERE FULFILLED

A LITTLE LATER . . .

LOOKS LIKE A CLEAR-CUT CASE OF MURDER AND SUICIDE FOR THE GUY AND THE DAME, ALL RIGHT, BUT WHERE DID THESE OLD SKELETONS COME FROM?

AND HOLDING LITTLE BLACK PAPER CUT-OUTS IN THEIR FINGERS!

THE END

A Dead Ball

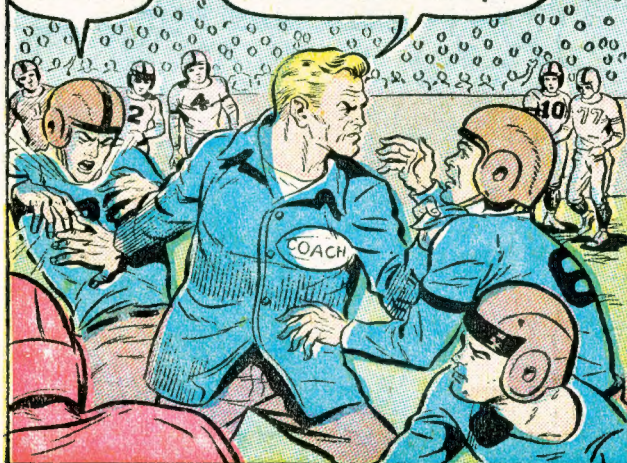
FOOTBALL IS PLENTY ROUGH BUT WHEN A MADMAN LIKE WILL RAWSON IS COACHING... IT'S MURDER!



COACH RAWSON DROVE MIDLAND HIGH'S ELEVEN TO VICTORY AT ANY PRICE...

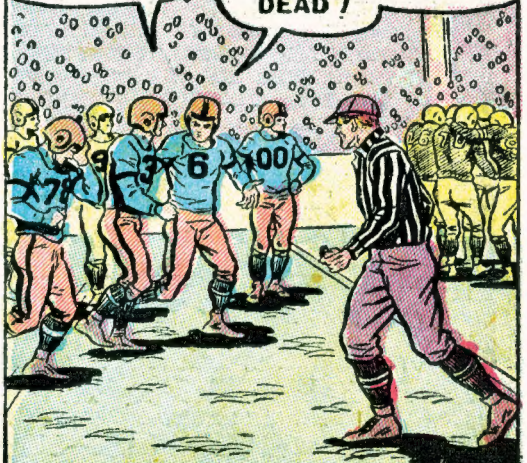
COACH / I THINK MAYBE MY RIBS ARE...

GET BACK IN THERE AND HIT 'EM HARD THIS TIME! AND YOU, FOWLER! WHADDYA THINK THIS IS? A GIRL'S PILLOW FIGHT?



WHAT MAKES THAT GUY SO MEAN, BILL? HEMMING'S REALLY BANGED UP!

YEAH, BUD / BUT THE ONLY WAY RAWSON'LL LET YOU OFF THE FIELD IS IF YOU'RE CARRIED OFF! DEAD!



AFTER THE GAME...

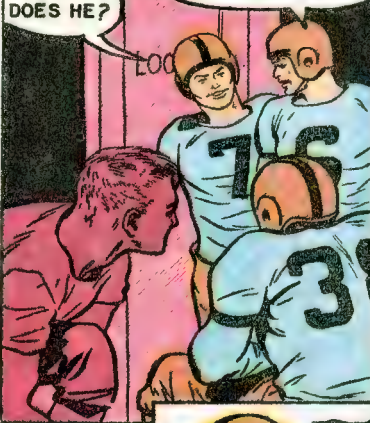
YOU PLAYED A GREAT GAME, KID/ I'LL WAIT FOR YOU!

THANKS, JACK/ MIGHT BE LONGER THAN USUAL/ LOOKS LIKE THE COACH'S GOING TO REAM US OUT!



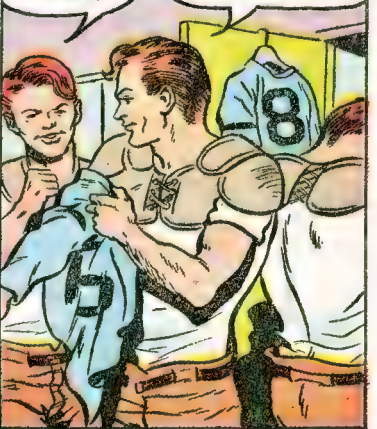
SAY, YOUR BROTHER NEVER MISSES A GAME, DOES HE?

NAW/ HE'S FOOTBALL HAPPY, TOO/ HE WAS THE STAR HERE DURING RAWSON'S FIRST YEAR AT COACHING!



YEAH? WONDER IF COACH WAS ALWAYS SO TOUGH?

JACK SAYS RAWSON WAS A GOOD JOE AT FIRST, BUT THEN...



RAWSON'S KID, DICK, WAS ON THE TEAM...

O.K., BOYS/ TAKE IT EASY/ NO NEED TO KILL YOURSELVES!

GEE, DICK/ YOUR OLD MAN'S A PRINCE. AND A SWELL COACH, TOO!



"DICK WASN'T A GREAT PLAYER, BUT HE TRIED HARD..."

BE MORE CAREFUL WHEN YOU HIT THAT LINE, DICK/ YOU'RE THE ONLY SON I'VE GOT!

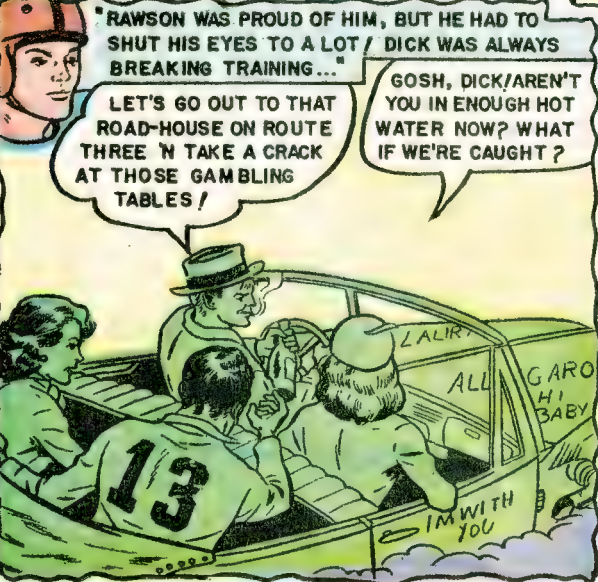
THANKS, POP/ I WANT YOU TO BE PROUD OF ME!



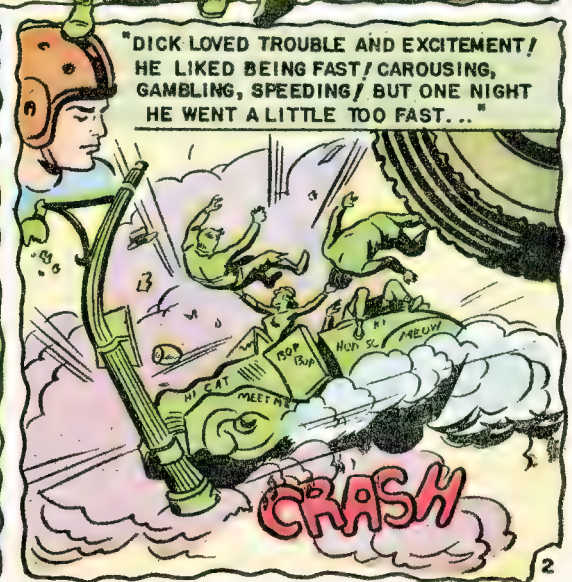
"RAWSON WAS PROUD OF HIM, BUT HE HAD TO SHUT HIS EYES TO A LOT/ DICK WAS ALWAYS BREAKING TRAINING..."

LET'S GO OUT TO THAT ROAD-HOUSE ON ROUTE THREE 'N TAKE A CRACK AT THOSE GAMBLING TABLES!

GOSH, DICK/ AREN'T YOU IN ENOUGH HOT WATER NOW? WHAT IF WE'RE CAUGHT?



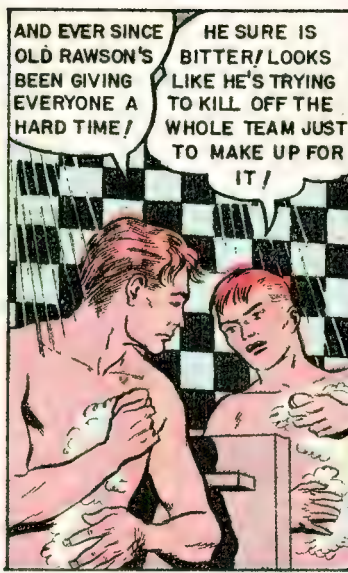
"DICK LOVED TROUBLE AND EXCITEMENT/ HE LIKED BEING FAST/ CAROUSING, GAMBLING, SPEEDING/ BUT ONE NIGHT HE WENT A LITTLE TOO FAST..."





"THEY BROUGHT DICK BACK IN A BASKET/ RAWSON TOOK IT HARD..."

WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE MY SON? IT COULD'VE BEEN ANY OTHER KID/ WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE DICK?



AND EVER SINCE OLD RAWSON'S BEEN GIVING EVERYONE A HARD TIME/

HE SURE IS BITTER/ LOOKS LIKE HE'S TRYING TO KILL OFF THE WHOLE TEAM JUST TO MAKE UP FOR IT/



LATER...

RAWSON'S STILL KICKING YOU GUYS AROUND/ SOME DAY HE'LL GO TO FAR/ THEN HE'LL GET A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE/

AW/ HE'S A GOOD COACH, THOUGH/ ALWAYS IN THE THICK OF THINGS/



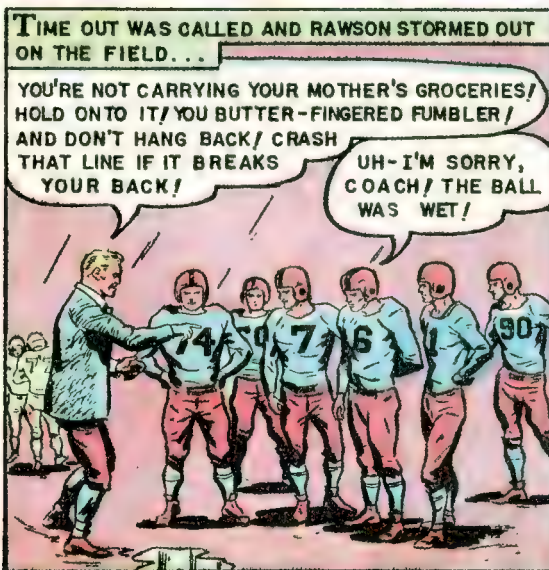
YEAH/BUT HE DRIVES YOU BOYS TOO HARD/ YOU'RE HIS BEST PLAYER AND HE NEVER GIVES YOU A REST/ HE TREATS YOU ROUGHER THAN ANYONE ELSE/

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S WHY I'M GOOD/ I HAVE TO BE/ HE WON'T USE ANY-THING BUT HIS HARDEST PLAYING FIRST STRING-ERS IN A GAME/ I DON'T WANT TO WARM A BENCH/



AT THE NEXT GAME...

BALL'S TOO WET/OOOPS/ DROPPED IT/



TIME OUT WAS CALLED AND RAWSON STORMED OUT ON THE FIELD...

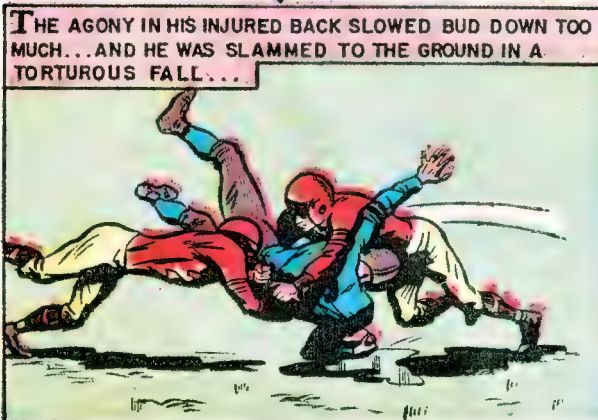
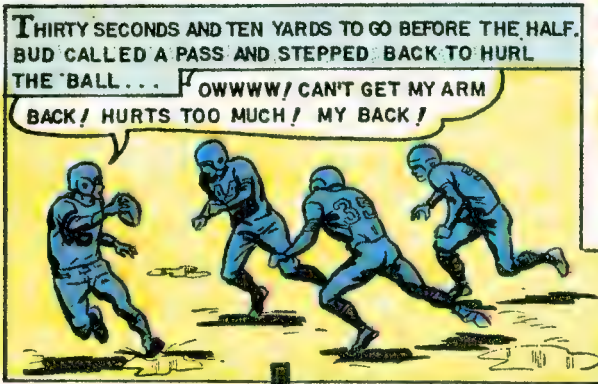
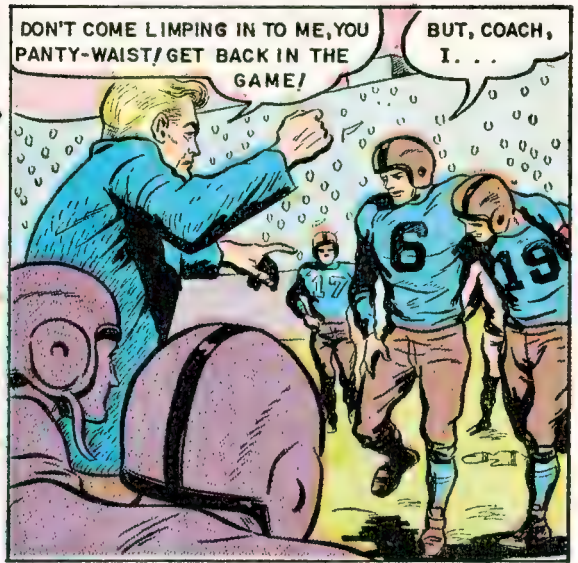
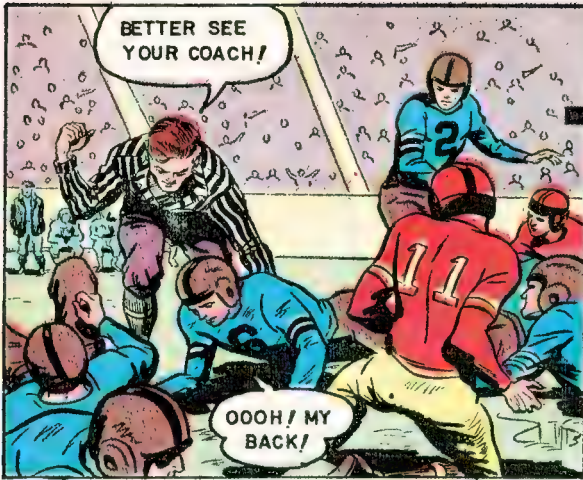
YOU'RE NOT CARRYING YOUR MOTHER'S GROCERIES/ HOLD ONTO IT/ YOU BUTTER-FINGERED FUMBLER/ AND DON'T HANG BACK/ CRASH THAT LINE IF IT BREAKS YOUR BACK!

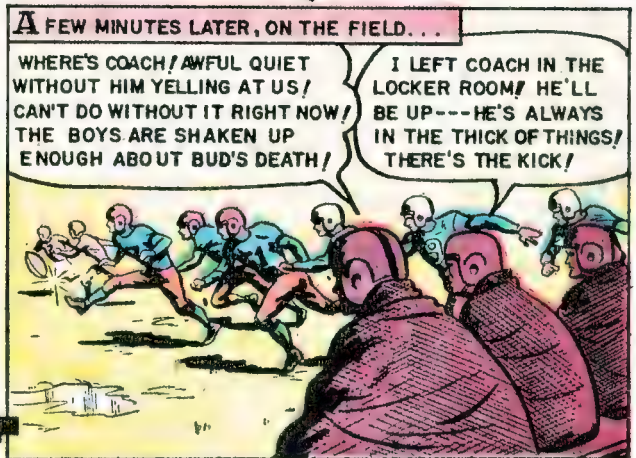
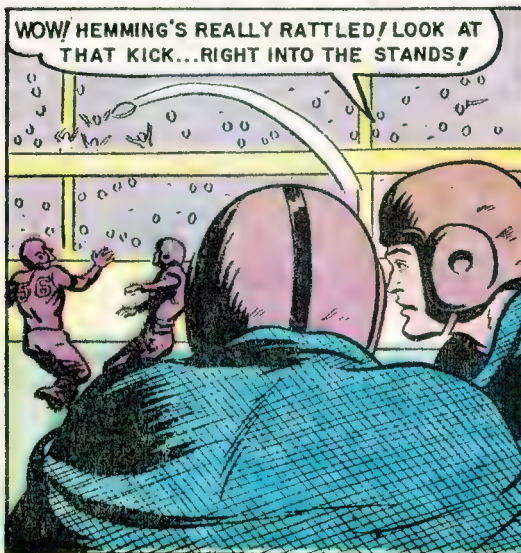
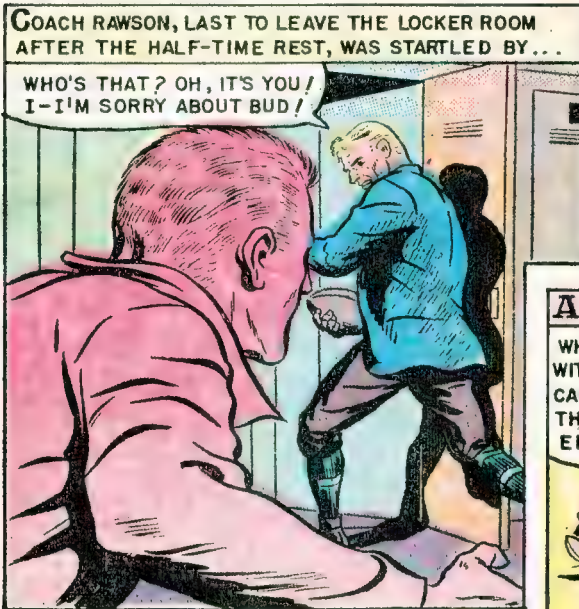
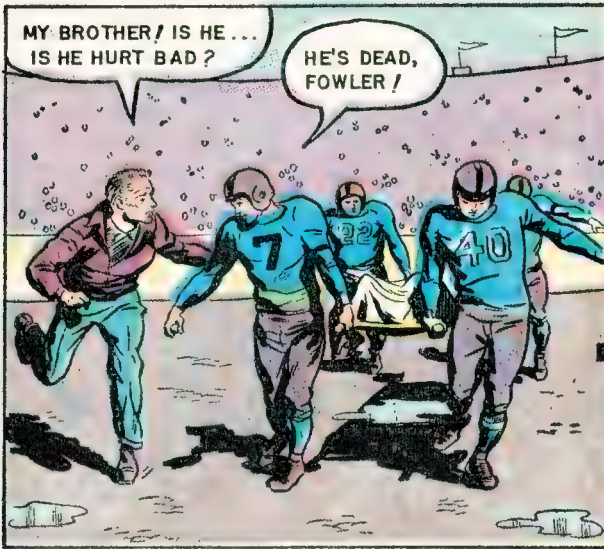
UH-I'M SORRY, COACH/ THE BALL WAS WET!

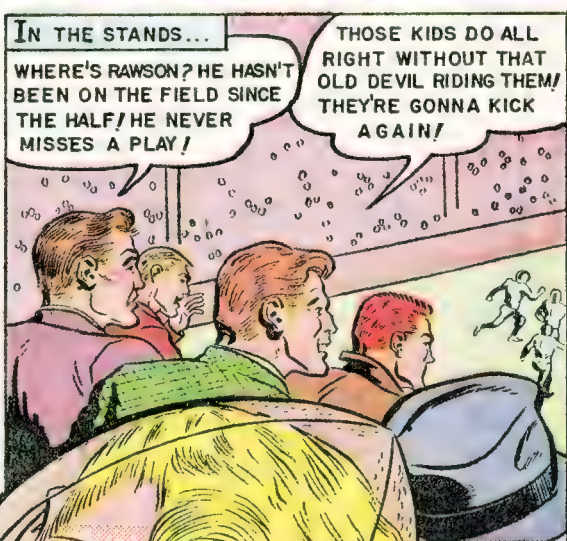
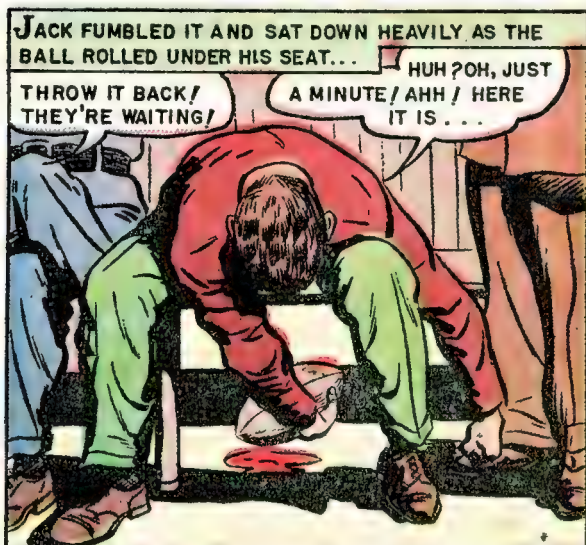


ON THE NEXT PLAY...

UNNNHHH!









B-1522

IT IS THE DEAD OF NIGHT IN THE SMALL MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY OF MALGOA, AND AN EERIE SCENE IS LIT UP BY THE FITFUL SPUTTERING OF A CANDLE IN THE BASEMENT OF DR. SERO'S HOME...



FOOLS! THE BODY YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME IS DECOMPOSED! I TOLD YOU I NEED A FRESH BODY FOR MY EXPERIMENT!

WE TOOK A GREAT CHANCE TO BRING YOU THAT CORPSE! YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR ROBBING GRAVES!



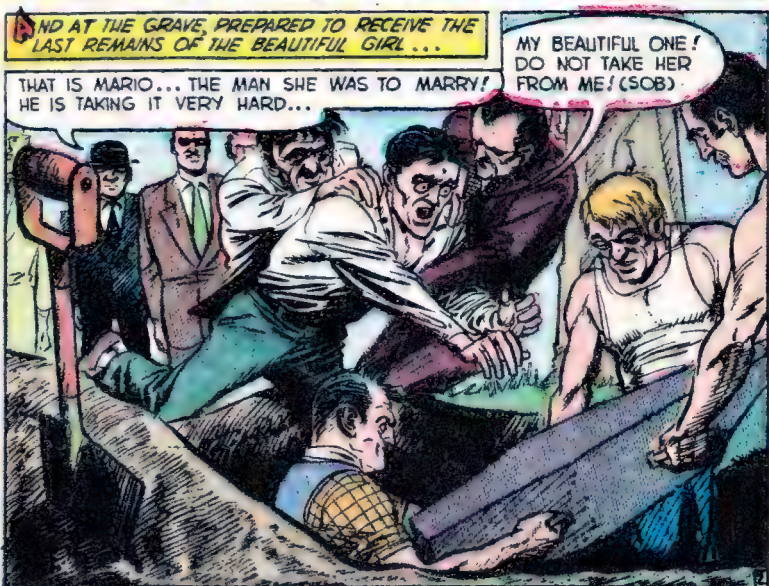
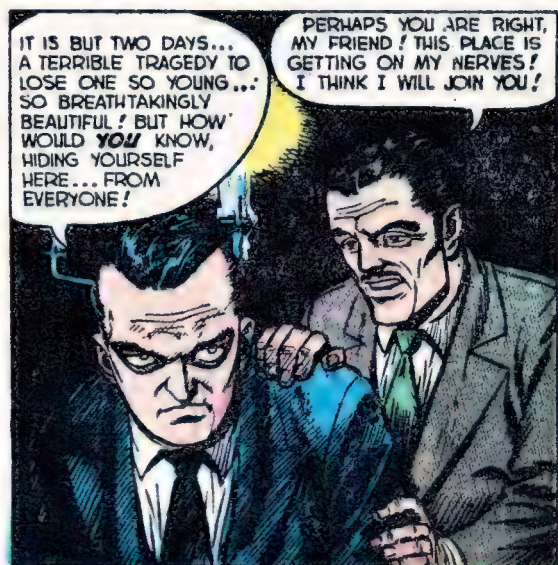
GET OUT! GET OUT!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH! THE MAN IS MAD!

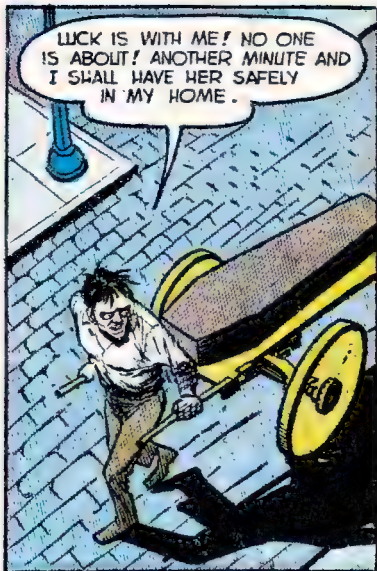


MAD... AM I? GIVE ME A FRESH BODY AND I WILL PROVE TO THE WORLD THAT I CAN BRING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE! MY STIMULANT CAN START THE HEART AGAIN! IT WORKED WITH ANIMALS... AND IT WILL WORK WITH A HUMAN!

THERE WAS LITTLE SLEEP FOR THE BROODING DOCTOR THAT NIGHT, AND EARLY NEXT MORNING HE HAD A CALLER...



THAT NIGHT DR. SERO RETURNS TO THE GRAVE, AND...



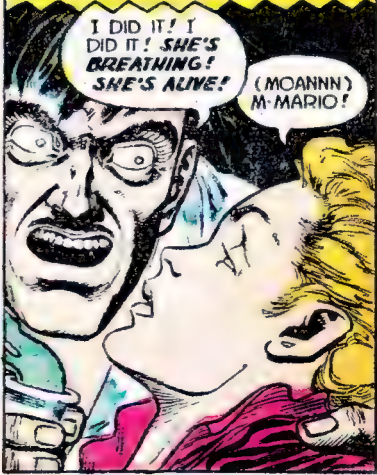
BACK AT HIS HOME...



AS IF IN A SPELL, HE STANDS THERE STARING AT DOLORES! SUDDENLY HE WRENCHES HIMSELF AWAY AND QUICKLY PREPARES THE VIAL OF LIQUID, WHICH HE FORCES BETWEEN THE GIRL'S COLD LIPS...



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, THE GIRL LIES MOTIONLESS. THEN COLOR SUFFUSES HER FACE AND A GROAN BREAKS FROM HER LIPS...

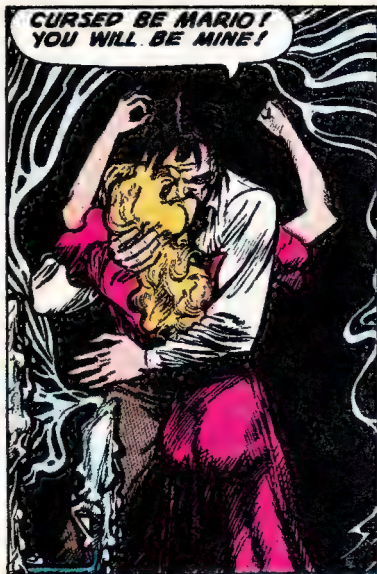


IT WAS I WHO BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE, MY DEAR! NOT MARIO...



QUICKLY DR. SERO EXPLAINS...





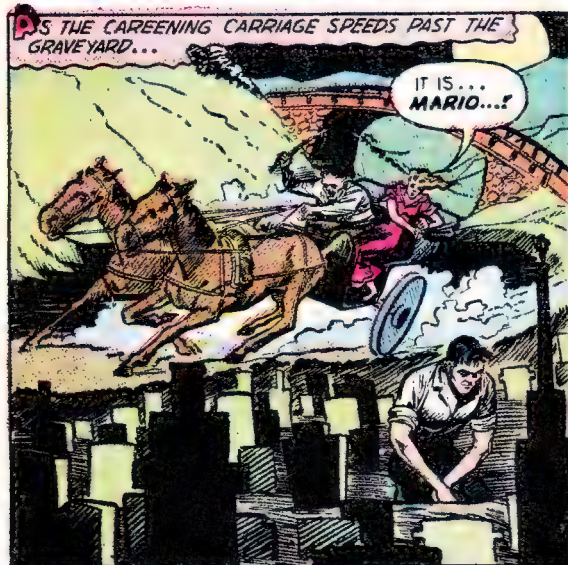
**CURSED BE MARIO!
YOU WILL BE MINE!**



AND A BRIDE YOU WILL BE, MY
BEAUTIFUL ONE! **MY BRIDE!** BUT
SINCE WE CANNOT BE MARRIED HERE,
WE WILL DRIVE TO THE NEXT TOWN,
WHERE THE PADRE WILL MAKE US
ONE IN THE MORNING! BUT
COME...WE MUST HURRY!



WE SHOULD BE THERE
AT SUN-UP! AND THEN
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR
WEDDING, AFTER ALL!



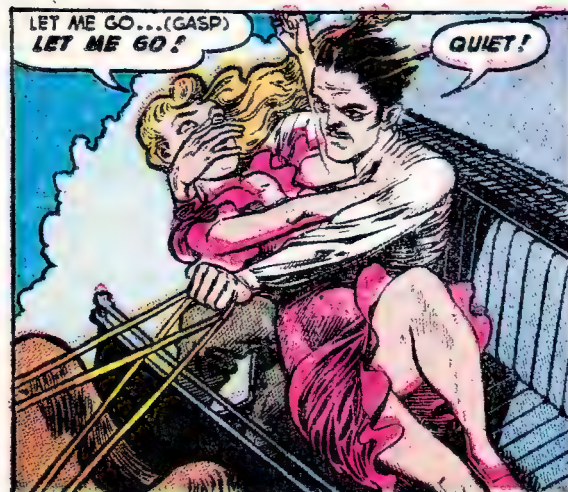
PS THE CAREENING CARRIAGE SPEEDS PAST THE
GRAVEYARD...

IT IS...
MARIO...



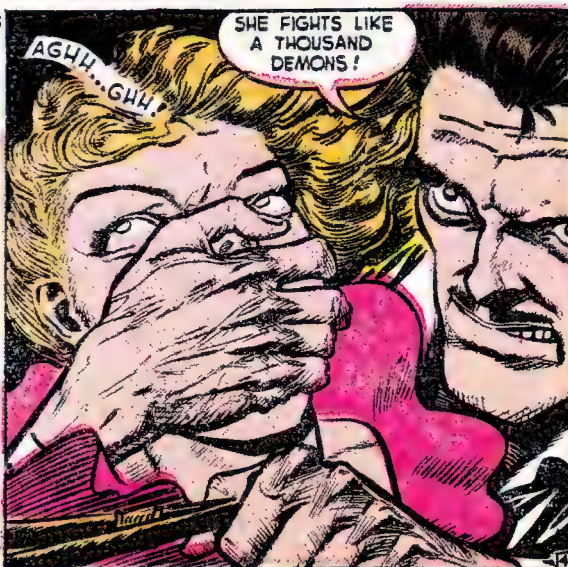
**DOLORES...? YOU CALLED
MY NAME! I AM HERE!**

BUT WATCHING MARIO VAINLY CLAW THE EARTH COVERING
HER GRAVE IS TOO MUCH FOR THE GIRL, AND SHE
STRUGGLES TO FREE HERSELF...



LET ME GO...(GASP)
LET ME GO!

QUIET!



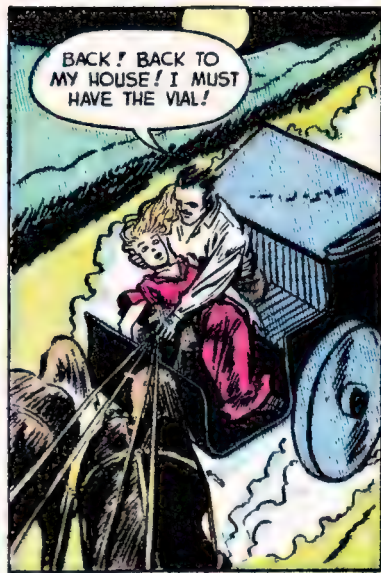
AGH...GHH...

SHE FIGHTS LIKE
A THOUSAND
DEMONS!

SUDDENLY DOLORES SLUMPS IN DR. SERO'S ARMS...



GOOD HEAVENS! SHE'S HAD ANOTHER HEART ATTACK! SHE... SHE'S DEAD!



THE CARRIAGE SCREECHES TO A STOP, AND IN A WILD FRENZY THE DOCTOR CLUTCHES HIS VIAL OF SERUM! ALREADY DOLORES' BODY IS GROWING COLD!



IT WAS MORE THAN HER HEART COULD TAKE! IT... WON'T... RESPOND!



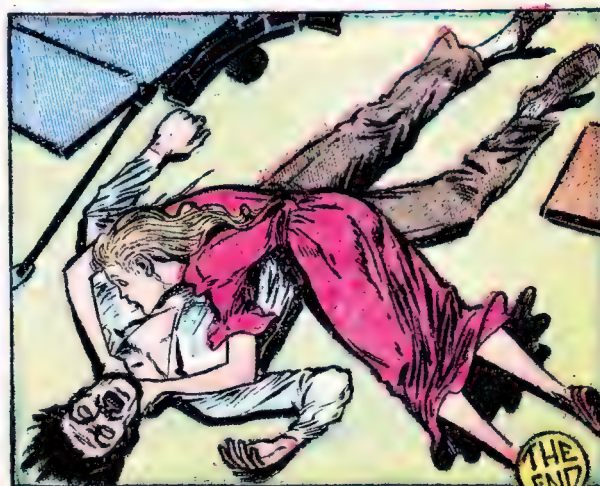
BUT IT MUST! IT MUST! IT MUST! COME BACK TO ME, DOLORES!



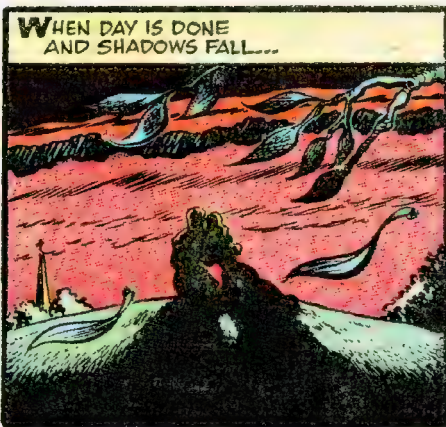
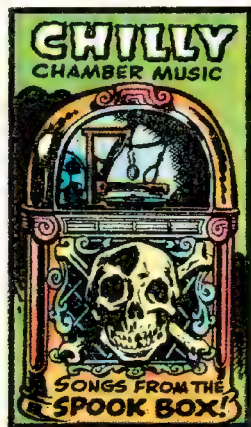
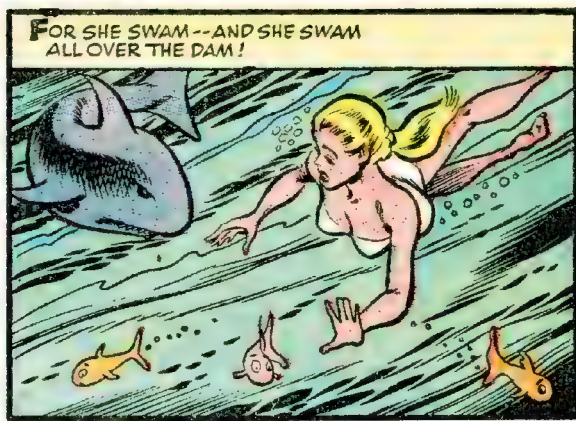
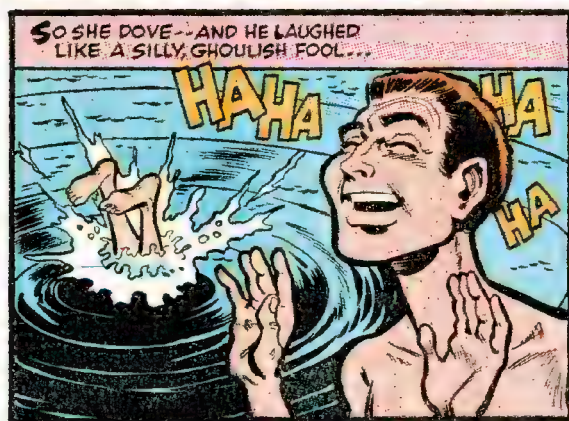
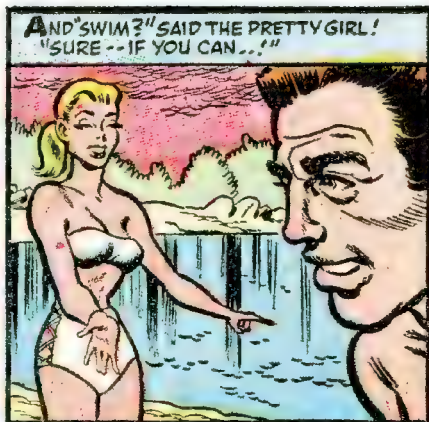
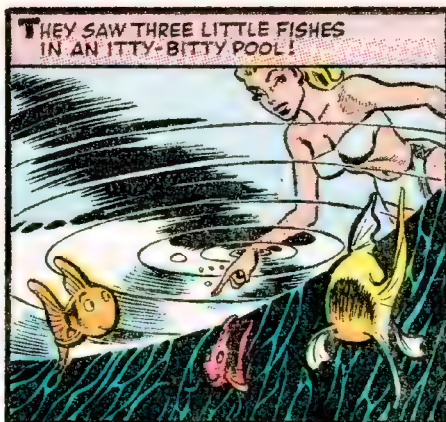
SUDDENLY... THE COLD HANDS OF THE GIRL TIGHTEN AROUND HIS THROAT!

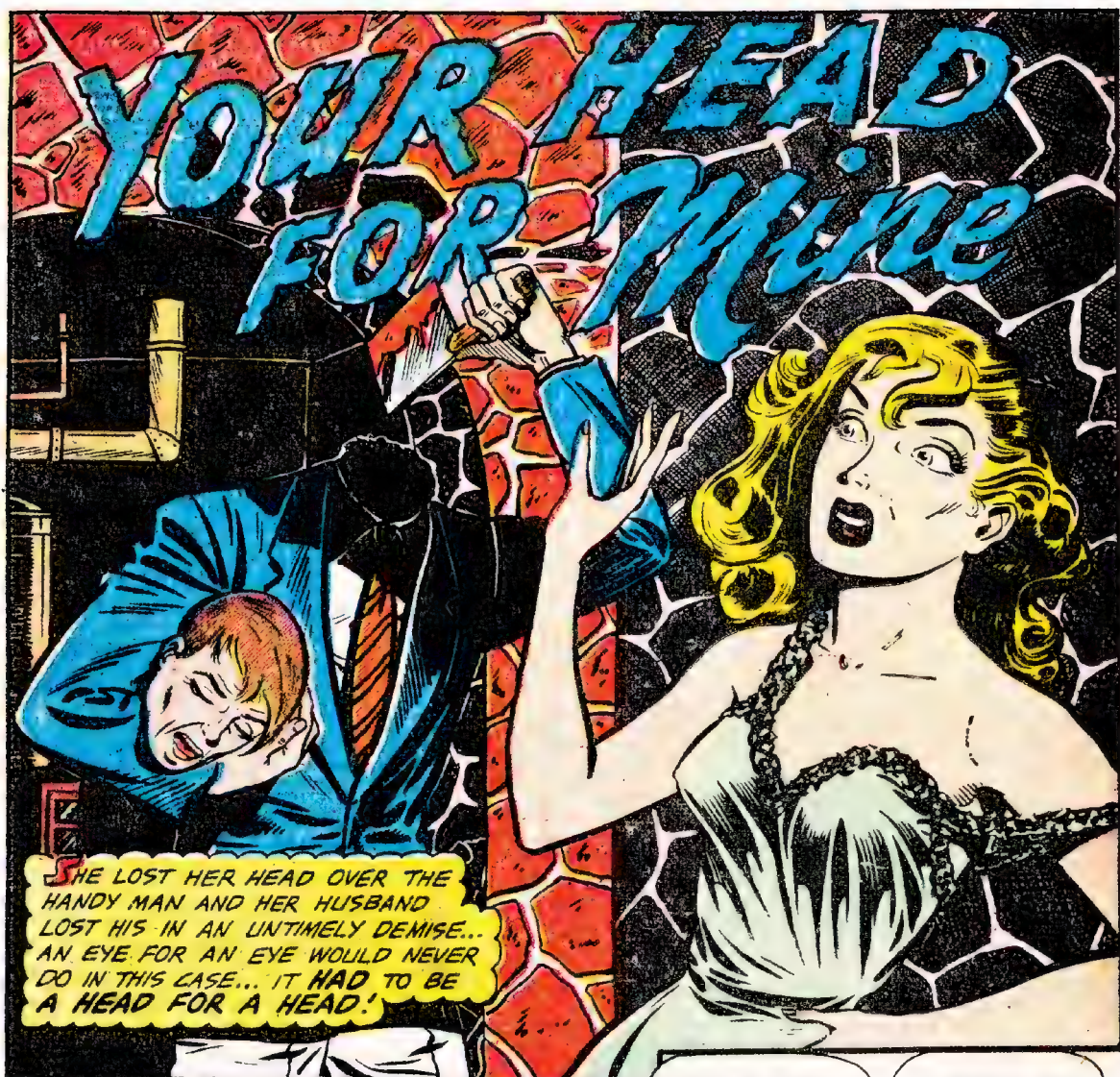


YES... RIGOR MORTIS HAD SET IN AND THE GIRL HAD INVOLUNTARILY STRANGLED DR. SERO. BUT WHO CAN TELL? PERHAPS SOMETHING FROM THE BEYOND HAD DICTATED THE PUNISHMENT!



THE END





HE LOST HER HEAD OVER THE HANDY MAN AND HER HUSBAND LOST HIS IN AN UNTIMELY DEMISE... AN EYE FOR AN EYE WOULD NEVER DO IN THIS CASE... IT HAD TO BE A HEAD FOR A HEAD!

SANDY LAWSON HAD A HUSBAND, A LOVER AND AN EVIL PLAN WHIRLING ABOUT IN HER THOUGHTS. BUT SANDY WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT EVEN WITH EVIL, FIRST THINGS COME FIRST...

NO, HE DIDN'T SEE ME SNEAK OUT, CHARLIE! I ALMOST WOULDN'T CARE IF HE DID!

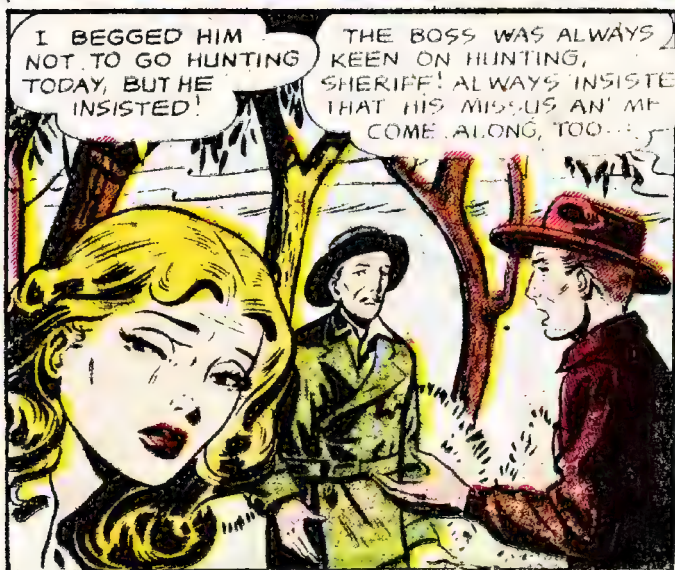
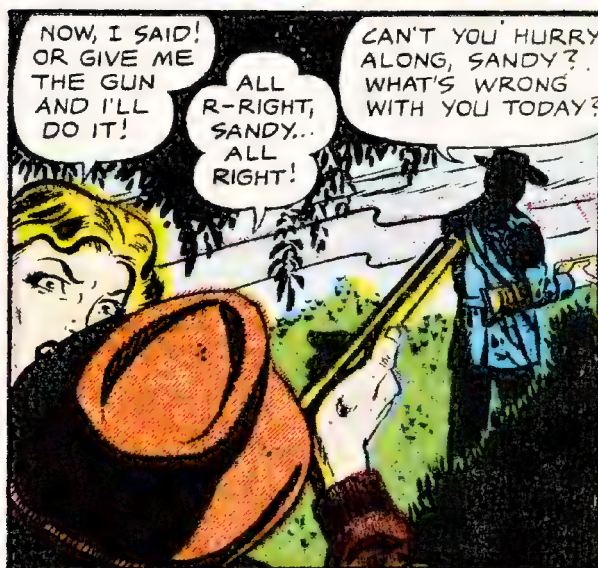
I'D GIVE TWO CENTS TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT US, HONEY...

STAND BY, BABY, AND YOU MIGHT GET BOTH ME AND SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF INSURANCE!

W-WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, SANDY?



SANDY'S PLAN WASN'T COMPLICATED, AND SHE HAD IT WORKED OUT TO THE LAST DETAIL... IT WAS ALL A MATTER OF TIMING NOW AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING WAS THE APPOINTED TIME...



AS THE CORPSE OF MR. LAWSON WAS LOWERED INTO HIS GRAVE, IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE VICIOUS CIRCLE... WAS COMPLETE... BUT SUCH WAS NOT THE CASE, FOR SANDY STILL HAD MUCH TO DO...



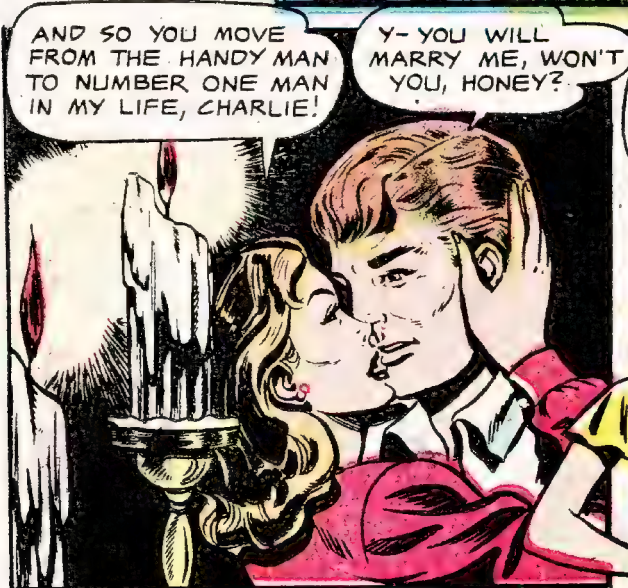
...NOW TO MAKE A LITTLE INSURANCE COLLECTION!

YOU'RE A WIZARD, SANDY! THOSE TEARS LOOKED LIKE THE MCCOY!



WE'RE RICH! AND IT WAS SO SIMPLE! WE SHOULD HAVE DONE IT MONTHS AGO!

I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD COME TRUE, TO BE HONEST WITH YOU!



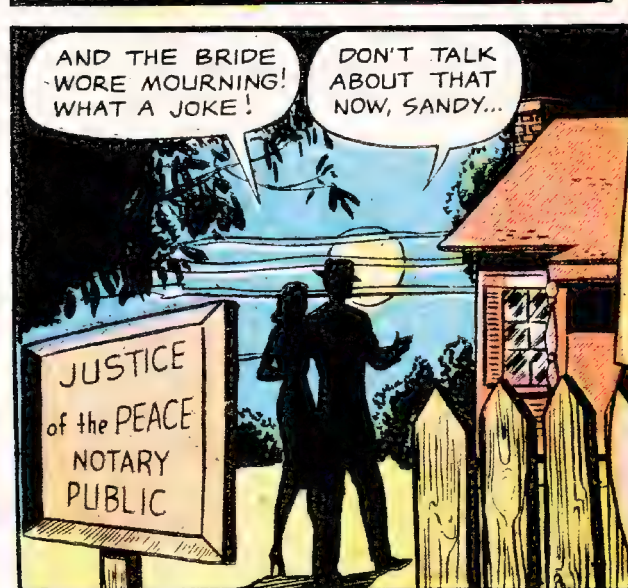
AND SO YOU MOVE FROM THE HANDY MAN TO NUMBER ONE MAN IN MY LIFE, CHARLIE!

Y-YOU WILL MARRY ME, WON'T YOU, HONEY?



WHY NOT? BUT I'M NOT LIVING IN THIS SHABBY LITTLE PLACE OF YOURS! THE FARM IS MINE NOW!

I'LL LIVE WHEREVER YOU WANT, SANDY...



AND THE BRIDE WORE MOURNING! WHAT A JOKE!

DON'T TALK ABOUT THAT NOW, SANDY...



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A BRIDE, DARLING?

BETTER THAN BEING A WIDOW... BUT WAIT UNTIL THE NEIGHBORS HEAR ABOUT US!

YES, THE NEIGHBORS WHISPERED ABOUT SANDY LAWSON'S SUDDEN MARRIAGE TO HER LATE HUSBAND'S HANDY-MAN, BUT EVEN THAT SOON BECAME AN ACCEPTED FACT AS THE MONTHS PASSED...

CHARLIE! YOU ASLEEP?
THERE'S A NOISE DOWNSTAIRS!

WHAT COULD THAT
BE? NO ONE WITHIN MILES
AROUND HERE...

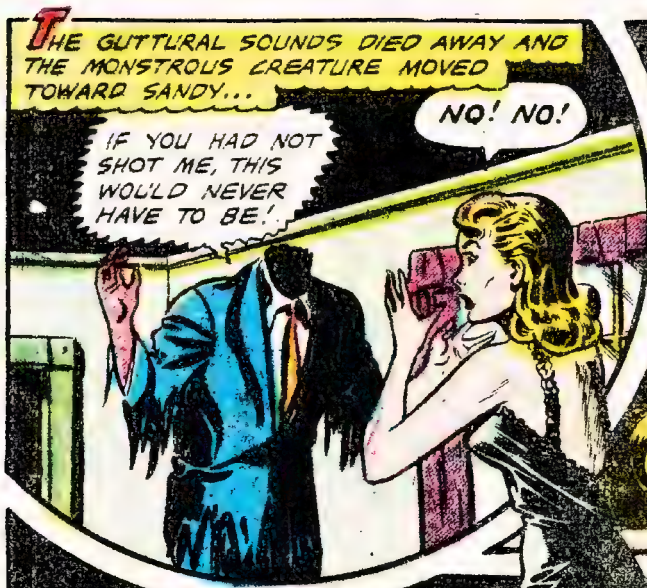
...WOULD BE JUST MY LUCK TO
HAVE A THIEF PICK OUT THIS FARM
TO ROB... I SHOULD HAVE A GUN...

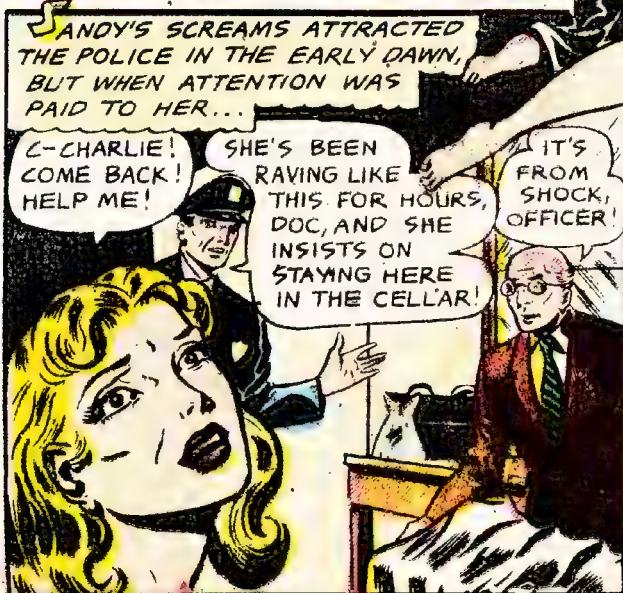
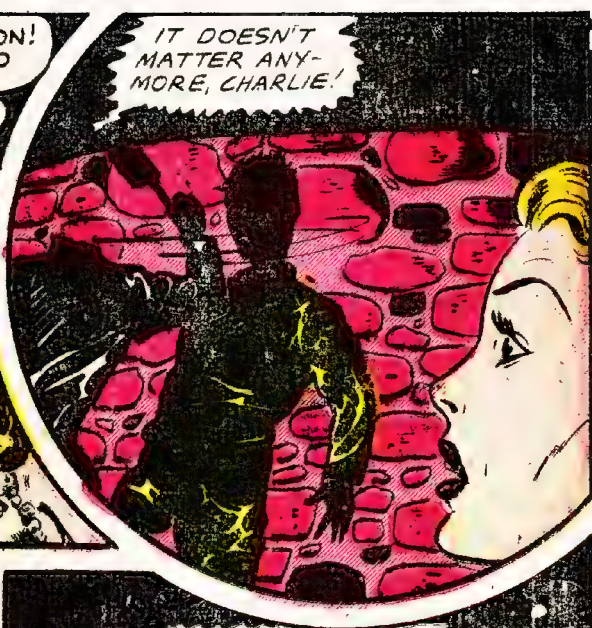
...**B**UT IT WASN'T AN
ORDINARY HOUSE-
BREAKER THAT SANDY
ENCOUNTERED... AND
EVEN SHE DOUBTED HER
VISION, FOR THE SIGHT
SHE SAW WAS SO
INCREDIBLE...

W-WHAT
IS THAT?

P-PLEASE
DON'T T-TOUCH
ME! DON'T COME
NEAR ME!

I AM LOOKING
FOR A HEAD,
SANDY. I CAN'T
REST INCOMPLETE
LIKE THIS!





IN OLD LONDON THERE LIVED A POOR MAN NAMED HAL BURTON. AS WINTER DREW ON, HE WORRIED ABOUT GETTING WARM CLOTHES FOR HIS FAMILY. LITTLE DID HE REALIZE WHAT FATE LAY IN STORE FOR HIM WHEN HE SET HAND ON...

THE CLOAK OF A CORPSE

B-1298

WANDERING THROUGH THE STREETS ONE BITTER DAY, HE CAME UPON SOMETHING THAT WAS COMMON ENOUGH IN THOSE DAYS...

POOR FELLOW, HE...THAT CLOAK! 'TWOULD DONICELY FOR MY ELDEST BOY, JAMIE!



THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT! AND YOU'LL HAVE LITTLE USE FOR THIS, WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



LATER...



BUT THAT NIGHT HAL WAS ROUSED FROM SLEEP BY A STRANGE NOISE...



HEAVEN PRESERVE US... WHAT'S THAT?!

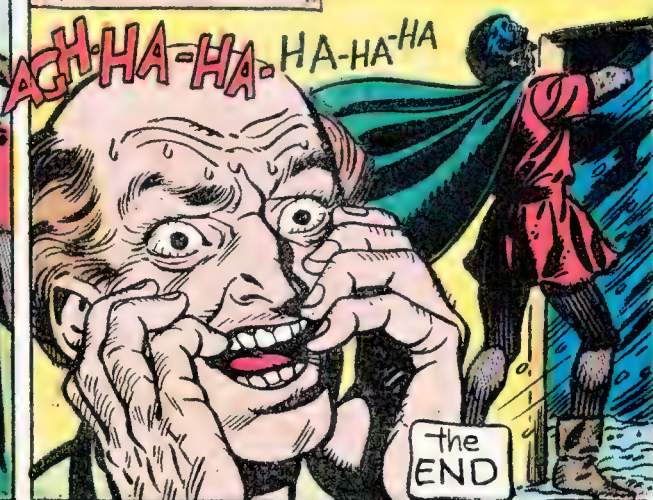


IT...IT'S THE CORPSE! THE HANGED MAN!



MY CLOAK! WOULD YE LEAVE ME TO SHIVER IN THE COLD?

AS THE CORPSE STALKED OUT, SOMETHING SNAPPED IN HAL'S MIND—MAKING HIM A GIBBERING LUNATIC FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS!



ACH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

the END

TO PENETRATE THE SECRET FORTRESS OF THE HUMAN BRAIN IS TO HURTLE INTO A BLACK AND BOTTOMLESS PIT OF **EVIL AND HORROR!!** SO DOCTOR HARKNESS LEARNED IN



WITHIN THE FABULOUS HOME OF RANJAB AL MARI, WORLD-FAMOUS MAGICIAN AND MYSTIC, A HARRIED AND MOURNFUL SERVANT SUMMONS THE AMERICAN DOCTOR HARKNESS...

DOCTOR...**YOU MUST COME!!** MY MASTER IS **DYING!!** HE INSISTS ON SEEING YOU BEFORE HE EXPIRES.'

YES, OF COURSE-- BUT THERE IS **NOTHING** I CAN DO NOW!!



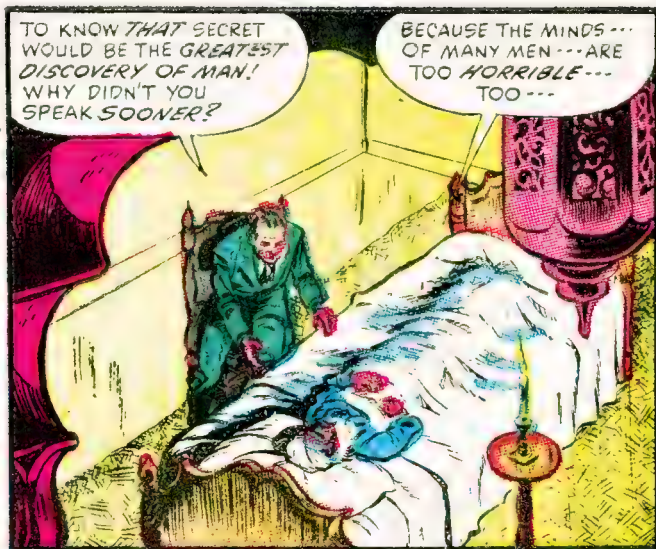
DOCTOR HARKNESS-- YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME! YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TELL! IT IS THE **GREAT SECRET--** OF MY--**ART!!**

YOU'VE GOT TO BE **QUIET,** RANJAB!





BUT SOMEBODY **MUST KNOW** BEFORE I DIE!! IT IS THIS: I HAVE KNOWN THE **METHOD...THE RITUAL...** BY WHICH ONE CAN **PROJECT HIMSELF** INTO THE MIND OF ANOTHER TO SEE WHAT **REALLY LURKS** IN THE BRAIN!!

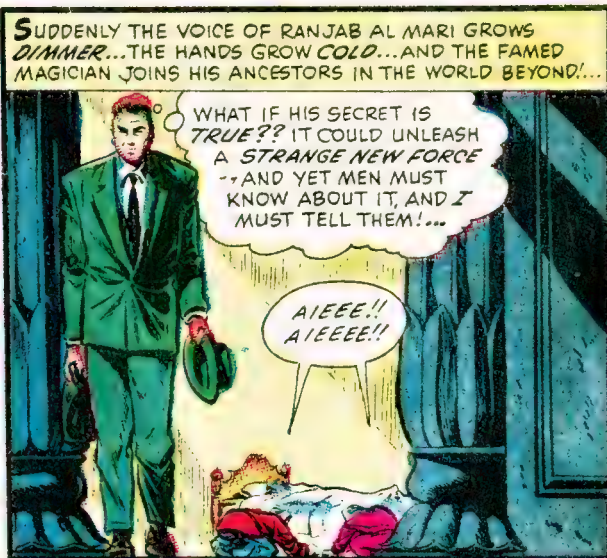


TO KNOW **THAT SECRET** WOULD BE THE **GREATEST DISCOVERY OF MAN!** WHY DIDN'T YOU **SPEAK SOONER?**

BECAUSE THE MINDS... OF MANY MEN...ARE TOO **HORRIBLE**... TOO ---



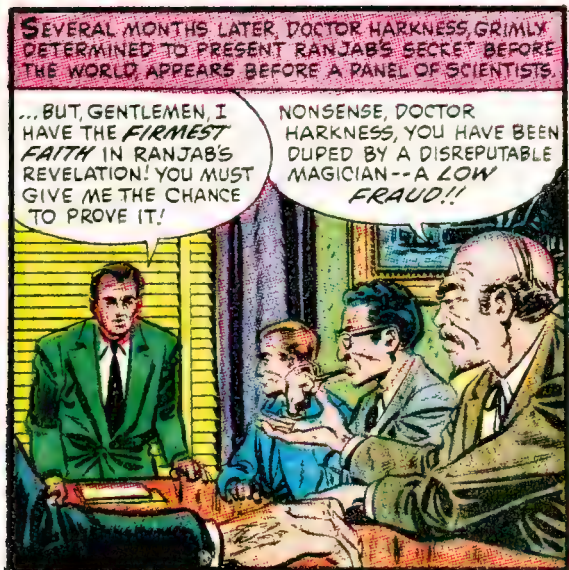
BUT NO--- I AM SINKING FAST... YOU **MUST KNOW!** THERE IS A RARE **POWDER** AMONG MY BELONGINGS... ONLY SET IT **AFIRE** IN AN URN AND AS THE SMOKE BILLOWS, REPEAT THESE WORDS: **KORAB DAMORA SHANTU!** THEN--THEN...



SUDDENLY THE VOICE OF RANJAB AL MARI GROWS DIMMER...THE HANDS GROW COLD...AND THE FAMED MAGICIAN JOINS HIS ANCESTORS IN THE WORLD BEYOND!...

WHAT IF HIS SECRET IS **TRUE??** IT COULD UNLEASH A **STRANGE NEW FORCE** --AND YET MEN MUST KNOW ABOUT IT, AND I **MUST TELL THEM!...**

AIEEE!! AIEEEE!!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, DOCTOR HARKNESS GRIMLY DETERMINED TO PRESENT RANJAB'S SECRET BEFORE THE WORLD, APPEARS BEFORE A PANEL OF SCIENTISTS.

...BUT, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE THE **FIRMEST FAITH** IN RANJAB'S REVELATION! YOU MUST GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO PROVE IT!

NONSENSE, DOCTOR HARKNESS, YOU HAVE BEEN DUPED BY A DISREPUTABLE MAGICIAN--A **LOW FRAUD!!**



ENTER THE HUMAN MIND???

RIDICULOUS!!

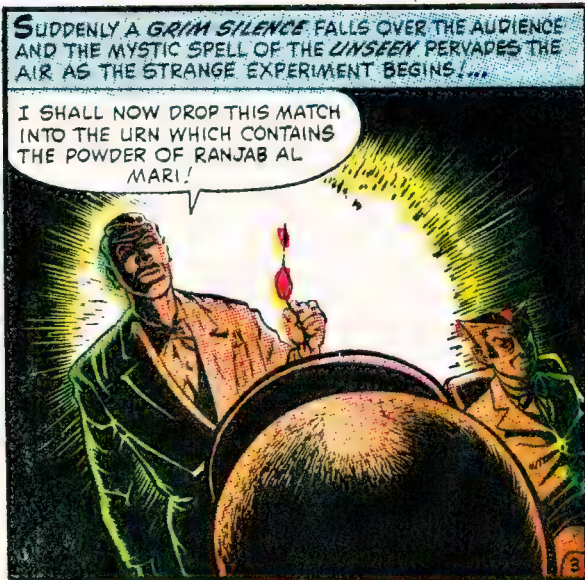
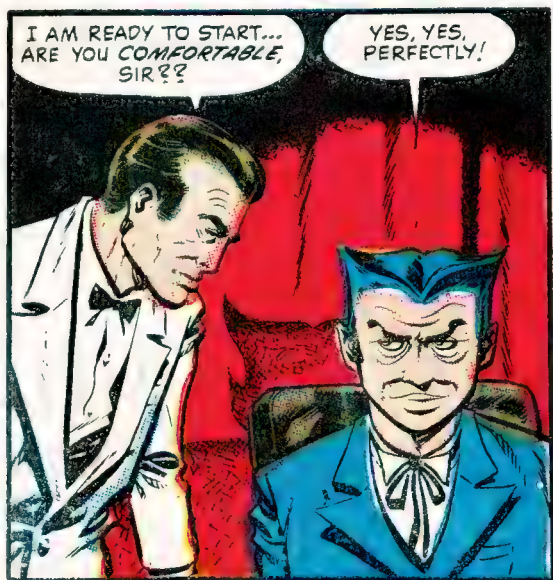
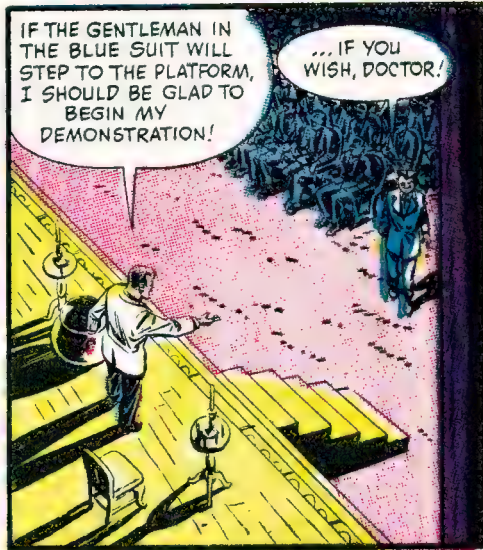
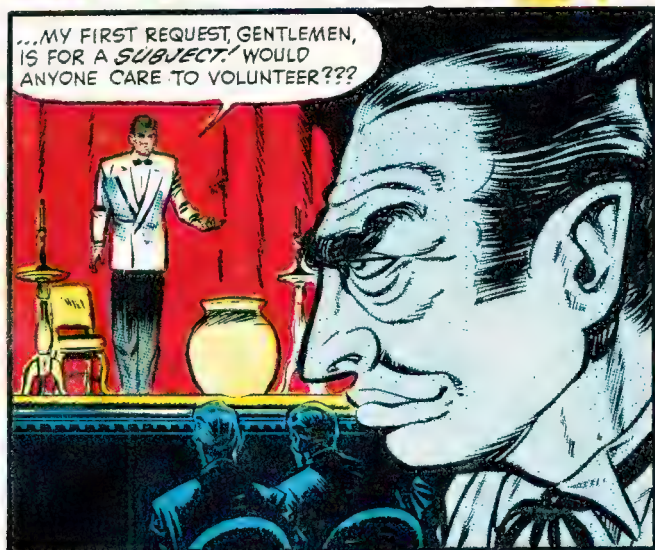
ABSURD!!

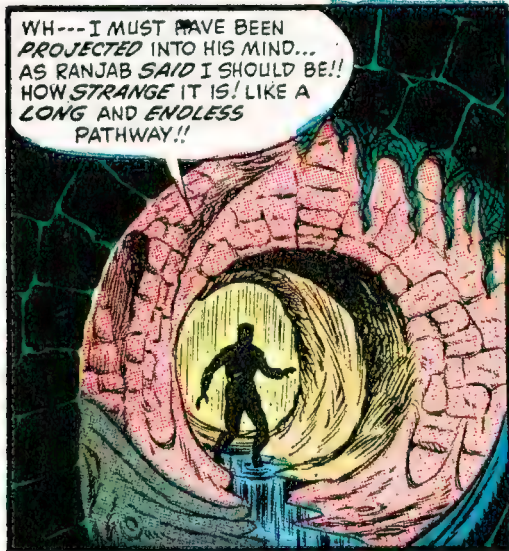
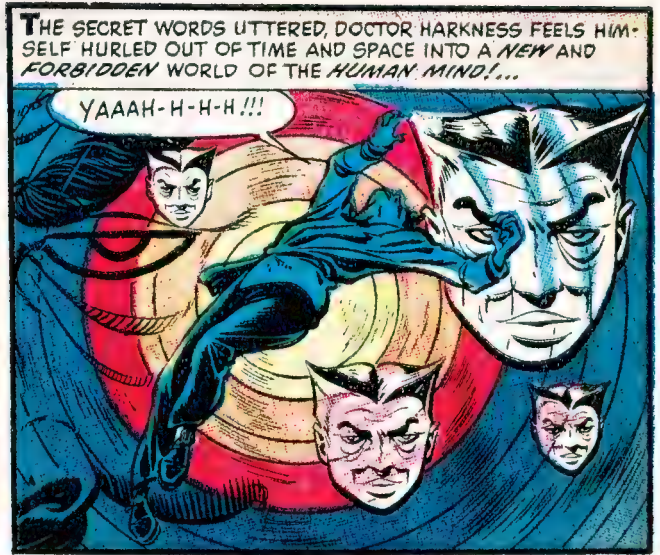
NO! NO! LISTEN TO ME!! YOU MUST LISTEN!!

HA! HA!



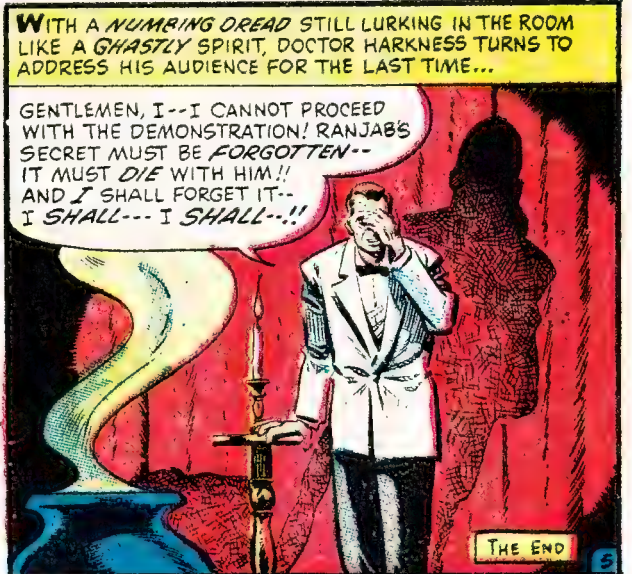
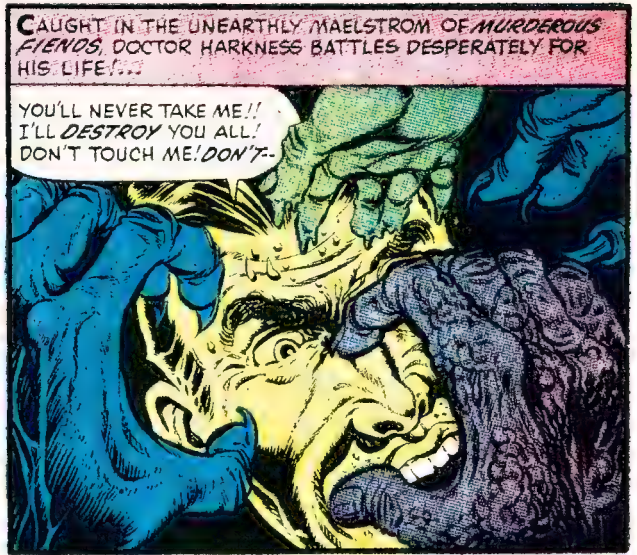
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, A *SELECT* BUT *SKEPTICAL* GROUP OF SCIENTISTS GATHER TO WATCH DOCTOR HARKNESS' ATTEMPTED EXCURSION INTO THE *UNCHARTERED REALM* OF THE HUMAN MIND!...



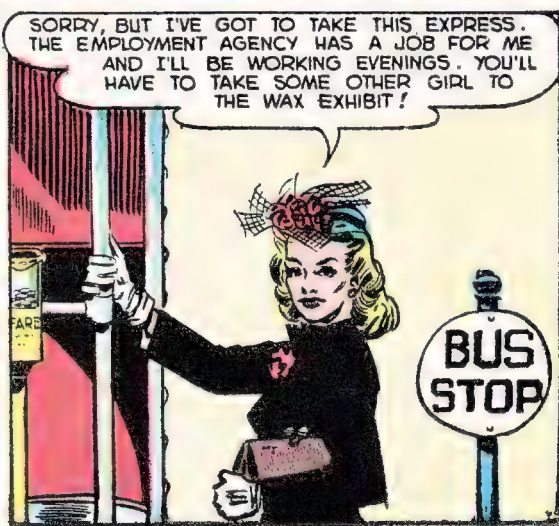
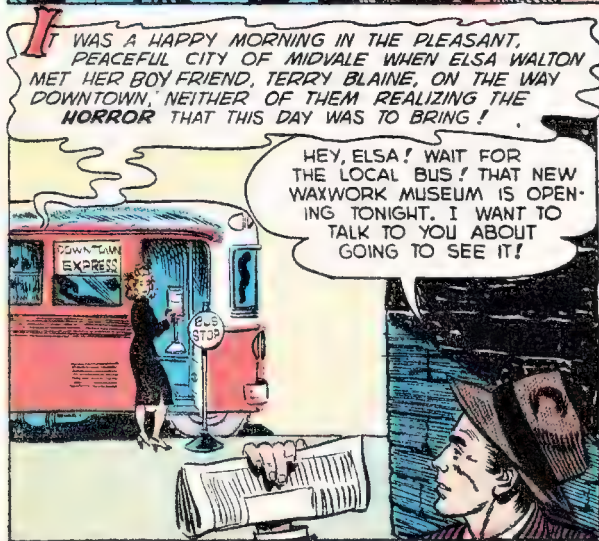


SUDDENLY AN OVERWHELMING HORROR ALMOST CRUSHES THE DOCTOR'S SANITY AS APPALLING AND LOATHESOME MONSTERS APPEAR IN THE CROOKED PATH-- SHOCKING EMBODIMENTS OF EVIL THOUGHTS!!...

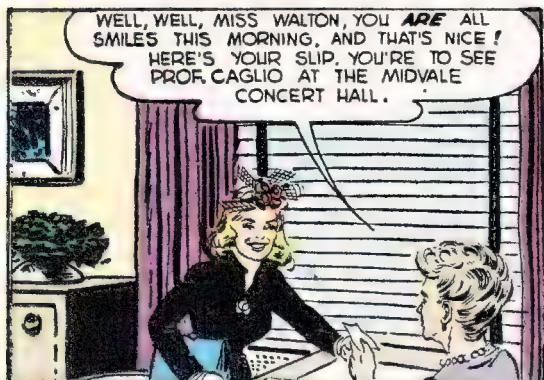




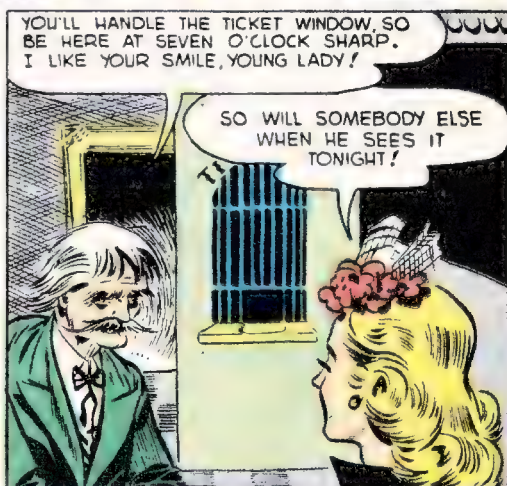
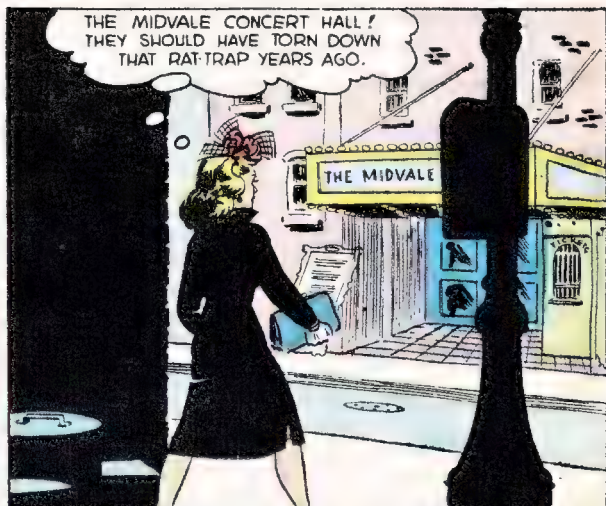
The Thing PRESENTS MURDERERS' ROW



ELSA WAS STILL SMILING AT THE IDEA OF SOME OTHER GIRL" IN TERRY'S LIFE, WHEN SHE REACHED THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY. JUST IMAGINE TERRY BEING INTERESTED IN ANYBODY EXCEPT ELSA!

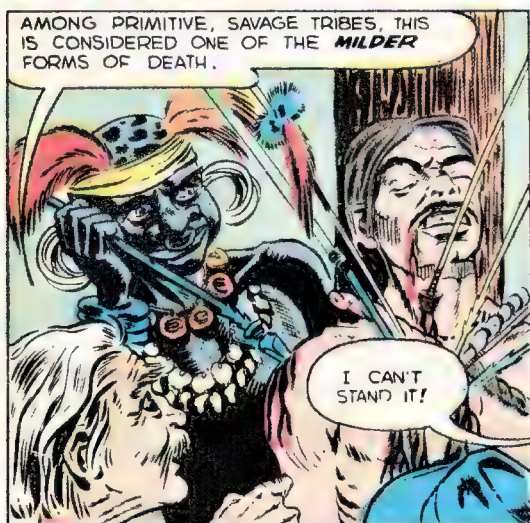
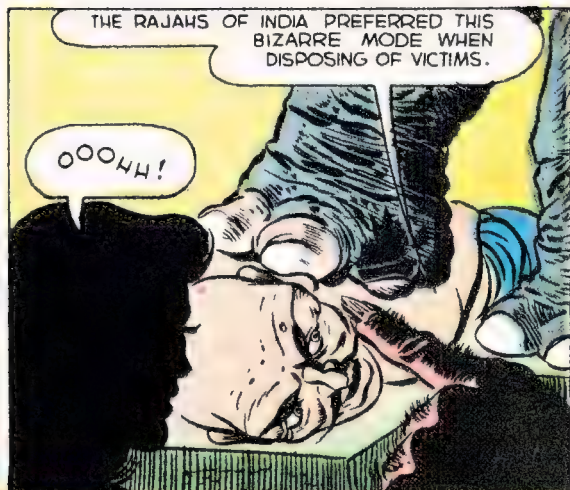


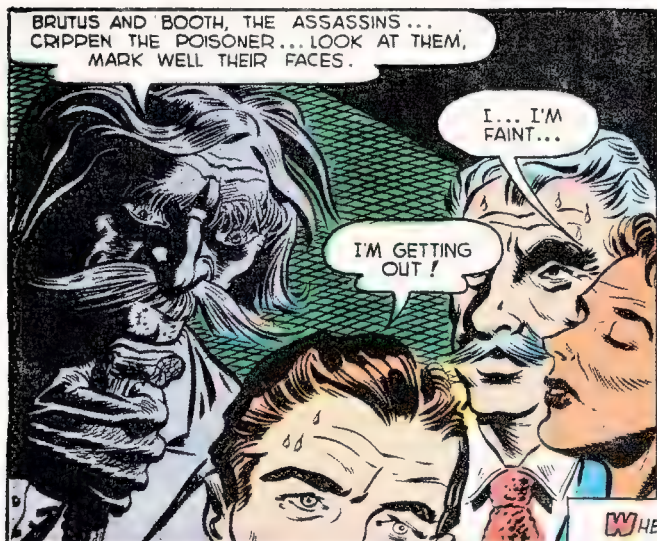
WELL, WELL, MISS WALTON, YOU **ARE** ALL SMILES THIS MORNING, AND THAT'S NICE! HERE'S YOUR SLIP. YOU'RE TO SEE PROF. CAGLIO AT THE MIDVALE CONCERT HALL.



YES, TERRY WAS SURPRISED... AND WHAT A LAUGH IT GAVE ELSA. BUT SURPRISES WERE JUST BEGINNING AND SOON, LAUGHS WOULD BE DYING OUT...







BRUTUS AND BOOTH, THE ASSASSINS... CRIPPEN THE POISONER... LOOK AT THEM, MARK WELL THEIR FACES.

I... I'M FAINT...

I'M GETTING OUT!

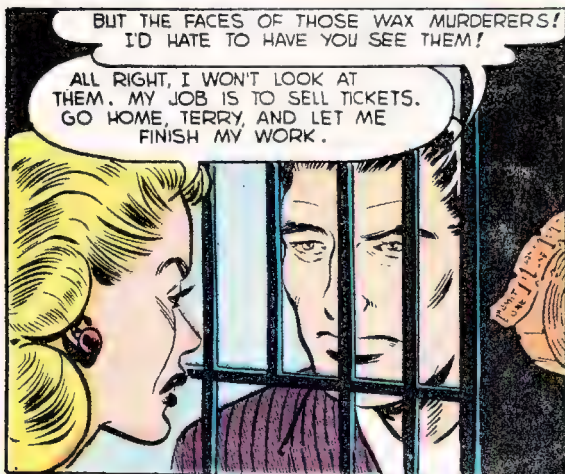
IT ALL STRUCK HOME TO TERRY WITH A HIDEOUS IMPACT. HE COULDN'T STOMACH THE FACT THAT ELSA WAS SO CLOSE TO ALL THIS.

ELSA! YOU'VE GOT TO QUIT THIS JOB, YOU UNDERSTAND? THE THINGS I'VE JUST SEEN!

PLEASE, TERRY! ...WAIT UNTIL I'VE SOLD THESE TICKETS!



WHEN THE EVENING WAS OVER, ELSA TOOK THE BOX-OFFICE RECEIPTS TO PROFESSOR CAGLIO...



BUT THE FACES OF THOSE WAX MURDERERS! I'D HATE TO HAVE YOU SEE THEM!

ALL RIGHT, I WON'T LOOK AT THEM. MY JOB IS TO SELL TICKETS. GO HOME, TERRY, AND LET ME FINISH MY WORK.



WE DID ALL RIGHT TONIGHT...

YES, BUT I STILL HAVE BILLS TO PAY. BY THE WAY, I WISH YOU'D LOOK AROUND AND MAKE SURE NO ONE DROPPED ANY CIGARETTE BUTTS. THIS OLD HALL IS A TINDER BOX.

THE DOOR TO THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS WAS LOCKED WHEN ELSA PASSED IT. BUT SUDDENLY A GROTESQUE SHADOW CREPT ACROSS HER PATH...



PARDON ME, YOUNG LADY.

OH... YOU STARTLED ME!

MURDERERS' ROW

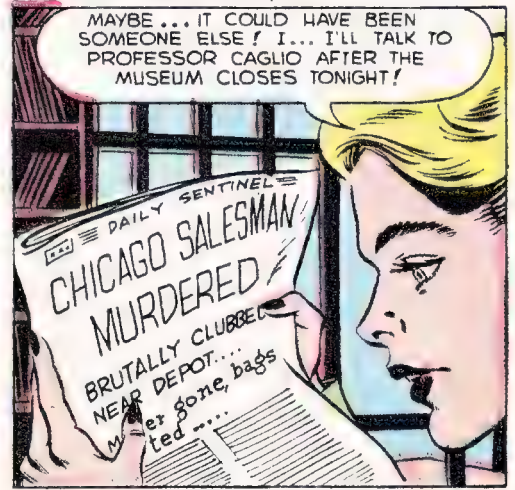
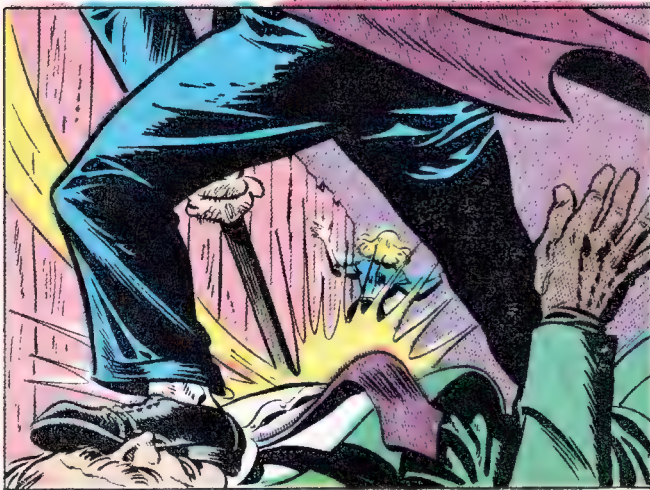
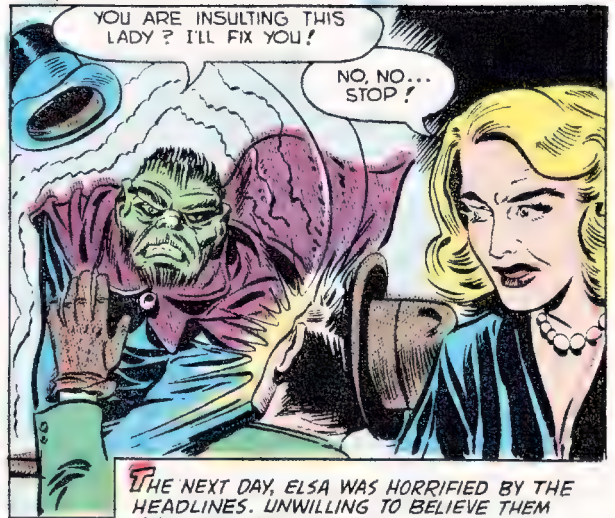
FIRST SIGHT OF THAT LEERING VISAGE TERRIFIED ELSA... THEN BLAMING HER IMAGINATION, SHE FELT SHE HAD BEEN RUDE TO A KINDLY STRANGER...



I'M SO SORRY, MY DEAR! I AM LEAVING TOO, AND I THOUGHT I MIGHT ESCORT YOU FROM THIS DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD...

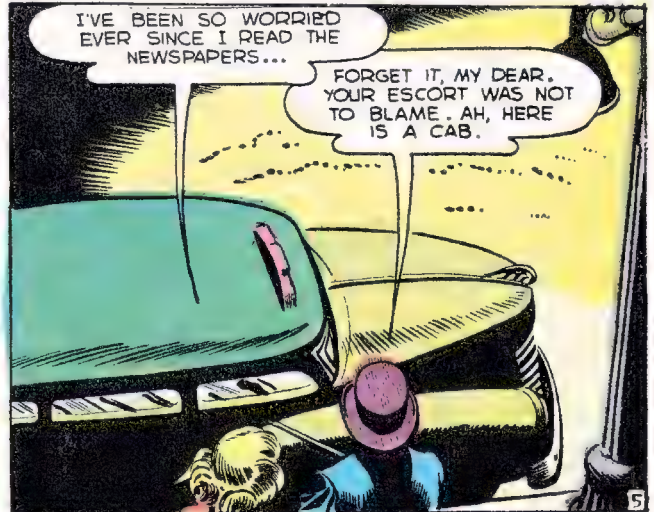
WHY... WHY YES, THAT WOULD BE NICE!

SO ELSA WENT ALONG, NEVER REALIZING THAT HER COMPANION WAS THE NOTORIOUS DR. JEKYLL, READY TO CHANGE INTO HIS INHUMAN OTHER SELF...MR. HYDE...



AT THE END OF THE EVENING, ELSA STARTED TO THE OFFICE ONLY TO MEET ANOTHER STRANGER, EVEN MORE COURTEOUS THAN THE LAST ONE!

AS THEY LOOKED FOR A CAB, ELSA TOLD HER TROUBLES TO HER NEW FRIEND, WHO PROMPTLY LAUGHED THEM OFF...



AS THEY RODE TOWARD ELSA'S HOME, MR. BOOTH SHOWED HER AN OLD GUN HE CARRIED...

I ALWAYS CARRY THIS ANTIQUE PISTOL. IT DATES FROM THE CIVIL WAR!

HEY, BUD, PUT AWAY THAT GUN!



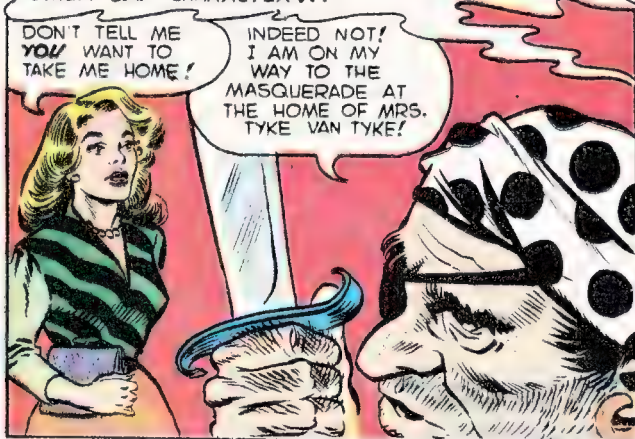
YOU, A MERE HACKMAN, SHOULD TELL ME, WILKES BOOTH WHAT TO DO WITH A GUN!



ELSA SLEPT OFF THAT EXPERIENCE LIKE A BAD DREAM, BUT THE NEXT NIGHT, AT THE MUSEUM, SHE MET ANOTHER ODD CHARACTER...

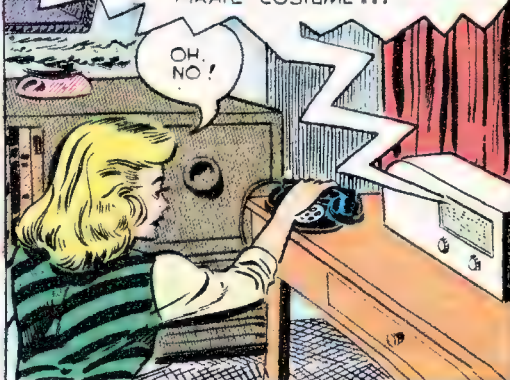
DON'T TELL ME YOU WANT TO TAKE ME HOME!

INDEED NOT! I AM ON MY WAY TO THE MASQUERADE AT THE HOME OF MRS. TYKE VAN TYKE!



FIVE P.M. NEWS FLASH! ADD TO THE CLUBBER DEATH AND THE TAXI-DRIVER SHOOTING! TODAY, MRS. TYKE VAN TYKE WAS FOUND DROWNED IN HER OWN SWIMMING POOL! SHE WAS LAST SEEN WITH A GUEST IN PIRATE COSTUME...

OH, NO!



ELSA PUT IN A HURRIED PHONE CALL...

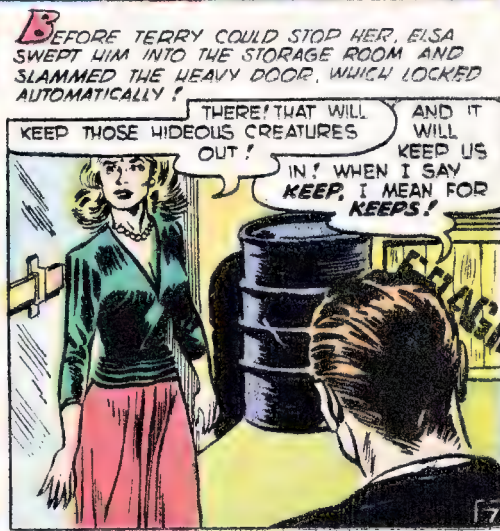
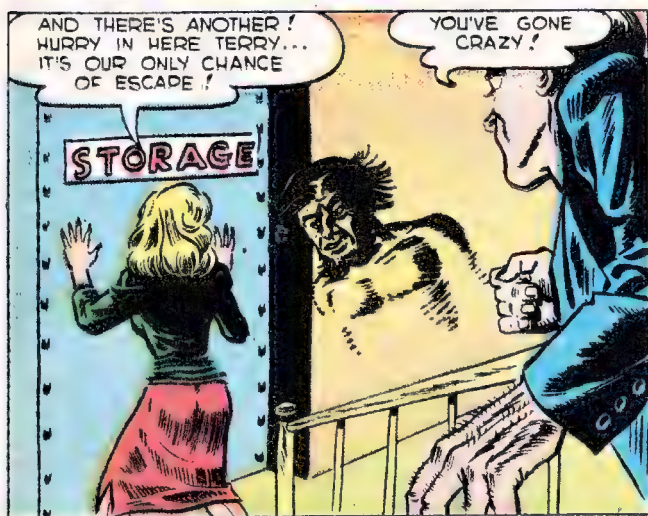
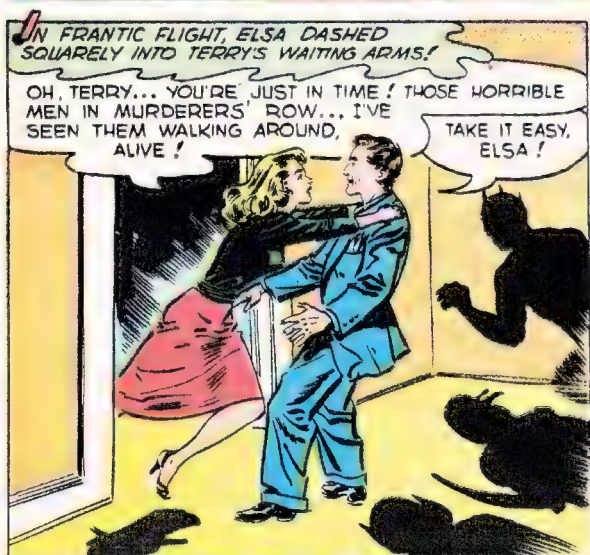
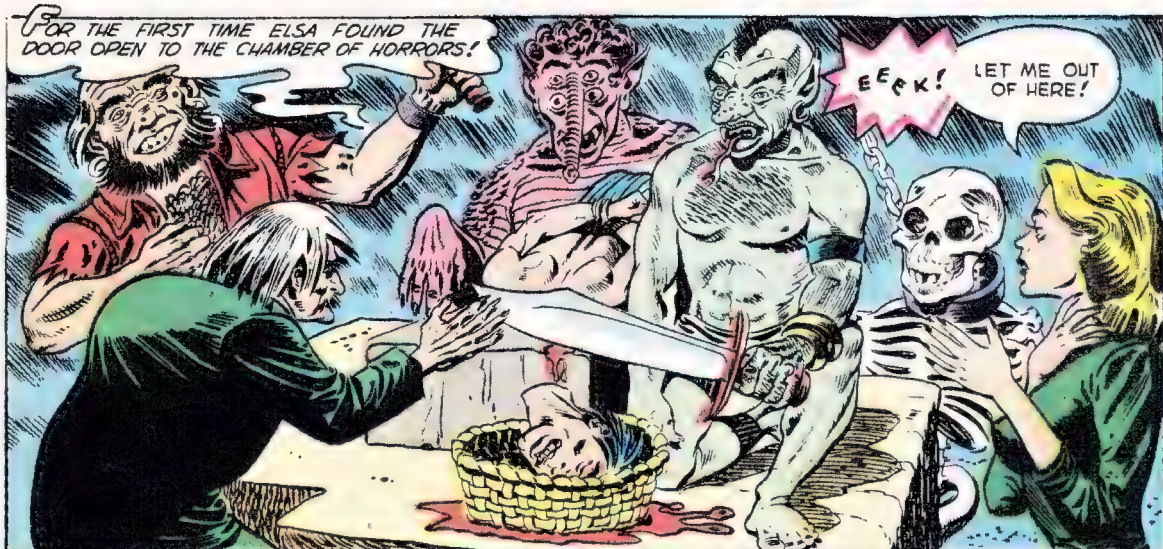
TERRY BLAINE HASN'T COME HOME YET? WHEN HE DOES, TELL HIM PLEASE TO COME AND MEET ME AT THE WAX MUSEUM TONIGHT...

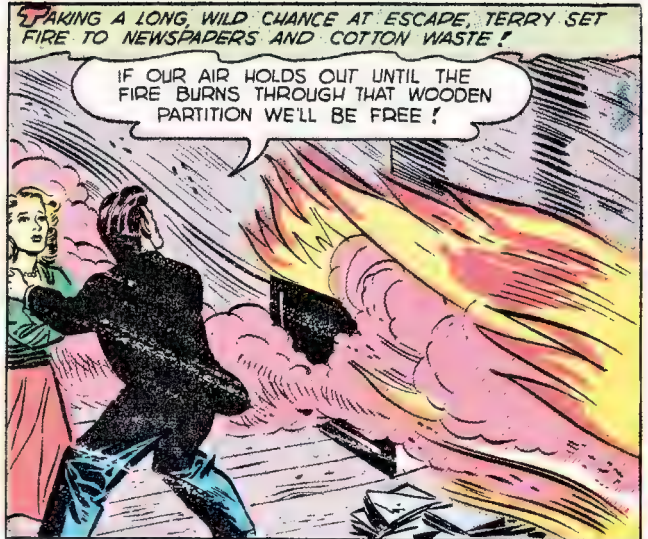


THE EVENING ENDED, AND NO SIGN YET OF TERRY...

I GUESS TERRY DIDN'T GET MY MESSAGE. I'LL HAVE TO TALK TO PROFESSOR CAGLIO INSTEAD...



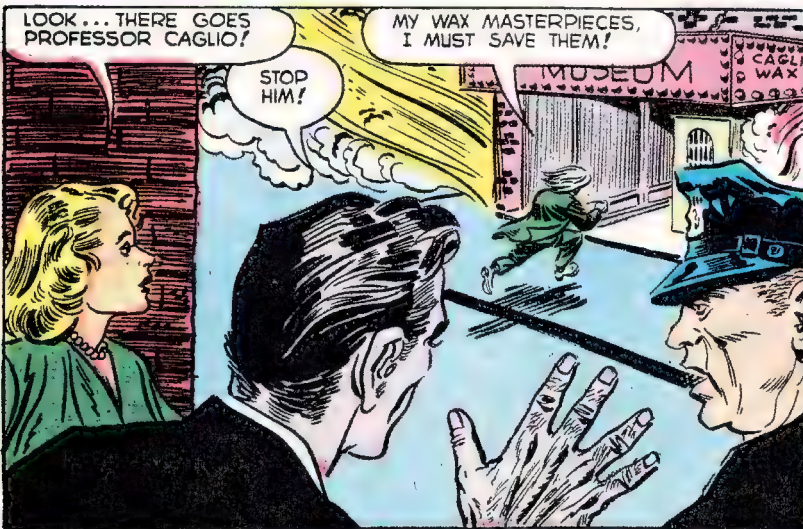




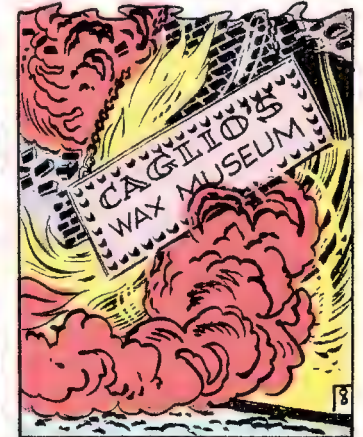
THE DRIED WOODWORK FLARED LIKE TINDER AND THE SPREADING FLAMES MADE SHORT WORK OF THE BARRIER!

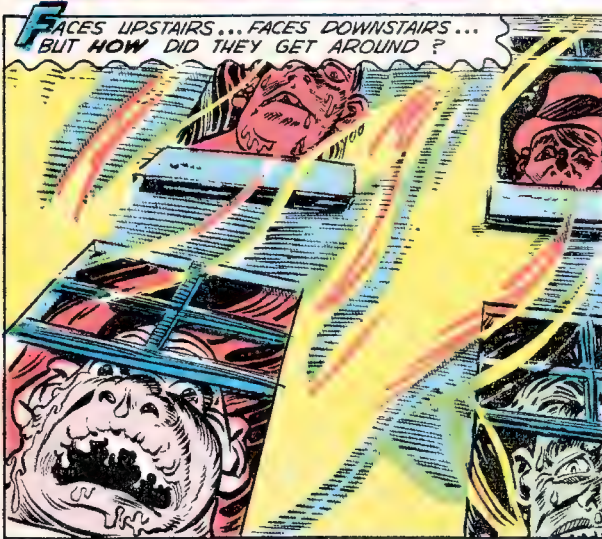
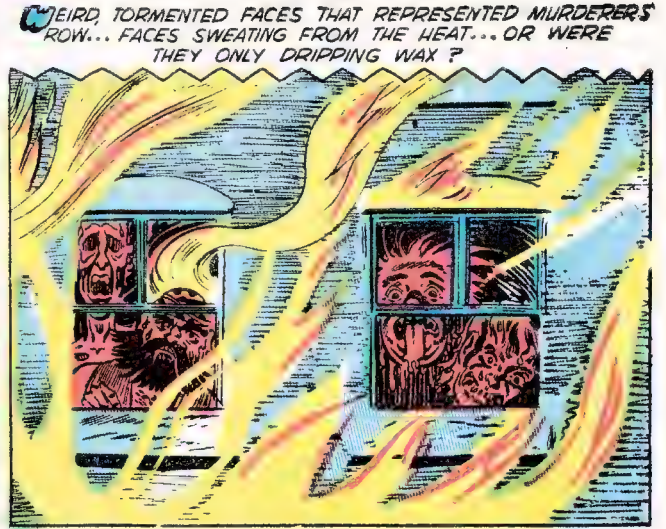


WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT, TERRY RUSHED ELSA OUT TO THE STREET WHERE THE FIRE-FIGHTERS HAD ALREADY ARRIVED...



ALL EFFORTS TO HALT CAGLIO WERE TOO LATE... A MOMENT LATER, FIRE BLOCKED ALL RESCUE!

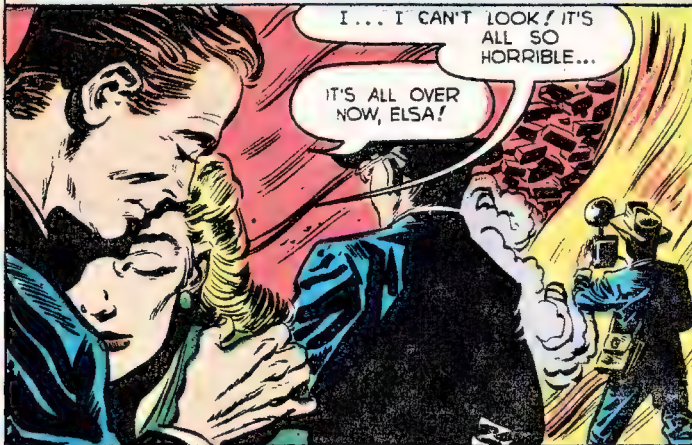




OR POSSIBLY THEY WERE IMBUED WITH SOME ARTIFICIAL LIFE THAT EVEN THEY COULD HATE TO LOSE!

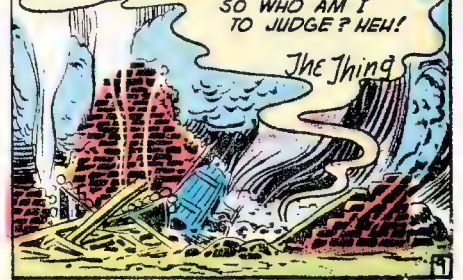


FINALLY, LIKE A CURTAIN CLOSING ON A SHOW, THE WALLS OF THE OLD HALL COLLAPSED, CARRYING AT LEAST ONE HUMAN FORM INTO THE FIERY DEPTHS...



YES, THERE WERE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVED ELSA'S STORY... AND WITH GOOD REASON, BECAUSE **ALL MURDERS CEASED IN MIDVALE**, THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIRE... SOME CLAIMED THAT PROFESSOR CAGLIO HAD **IMPERSONATED** THE MEMBERS OF MURDERER'S ROW IN ORDER TO KILL AND ROB... BUT THOSE WHO SAW THOSE FACES IN THE FLAMES STILL SWEAR THAT THEY WERE ALL ALIVE! SO WHO AM I TO JUDGE? HEH!

The Thing







I AM DOCTOR SEB...OH,
NO! GOOD HEAVENS!



YOU MUST BE DR. SEBASTIAN,
THE PSYCHIATRIST! THANK
GOODNESS YOU CAME! IT
WAS I WHO CALLED YOU!
KEENE-- JOE KEENE!



NOW, CLIMB DOWN SO
WE CAN TALK!

NO--! DON'T
RAISE THE BLIND!
I CAN'T STAND
THE LIGHT!



DOCTOR, I HAVE THE FEELING I'M
TURNING INTO A BAT! I'VE BEEN TO
MANY, MANY DOCTORS,
BUT NO ONE SEEMS
TO BE ABLE TO HELP
ME! I KEEP
GETTING WORSE
AND WORSE ALL
THE TIME!

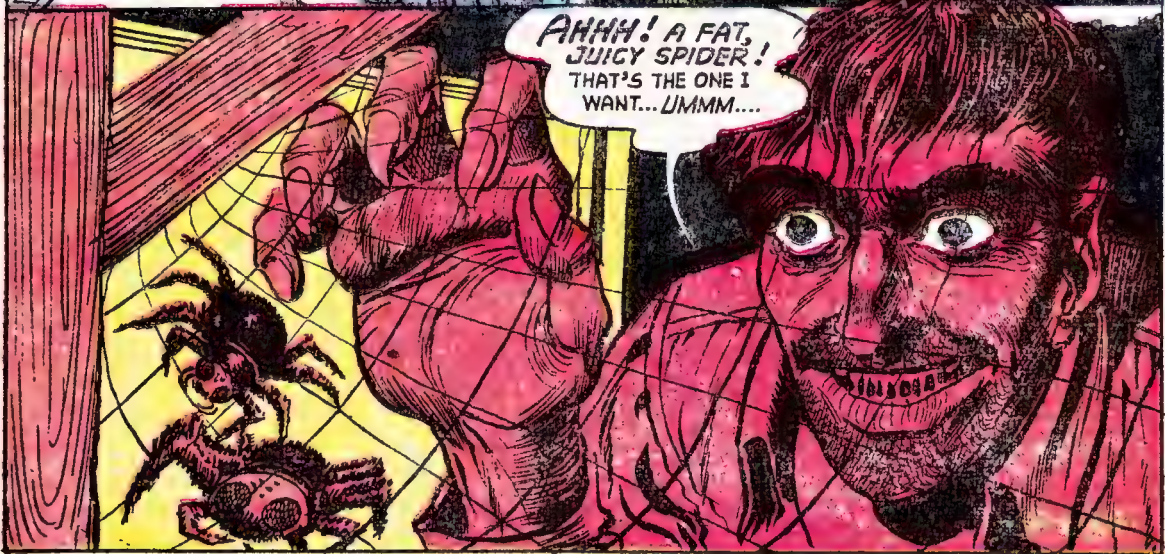
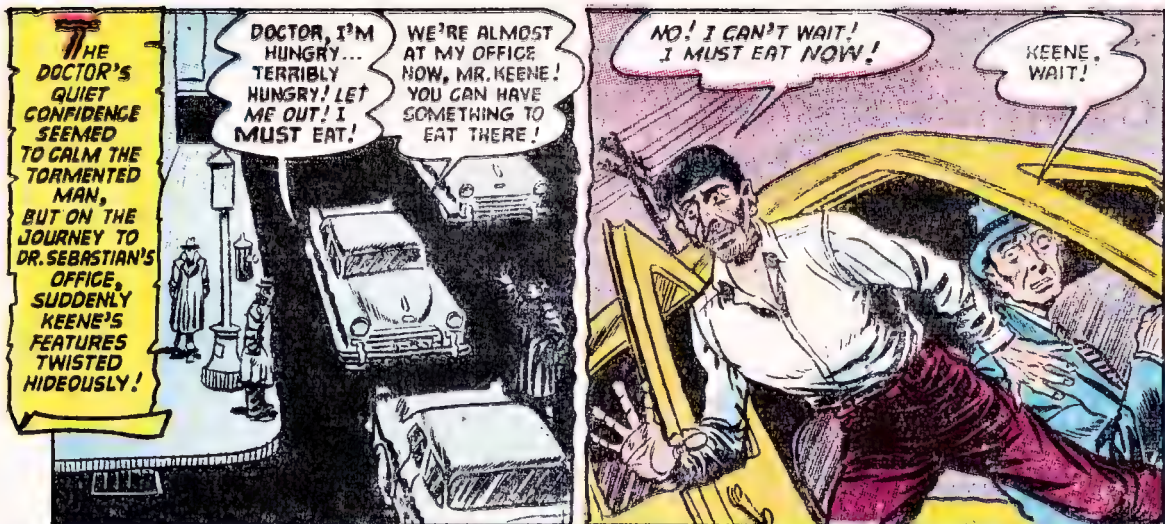


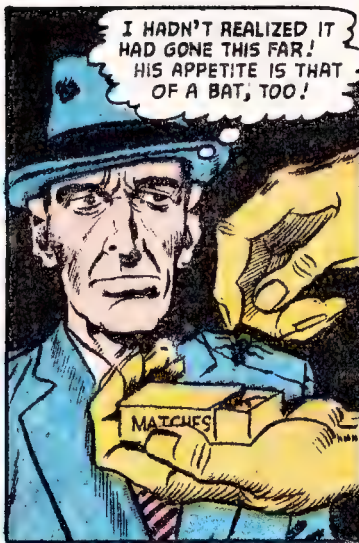
I'M AFRAID
OF BRIGHT
LIGHTS...
LOUD NOISES...
I CAN ONLY
SLEEP UPSIDE
DOWN IN A CLOSET
...MY FEATURES
ARE CHANGING
...AND EVEN
MY TASTES IN
FOOD ARE
CHANGING!



I THINK I CAN HELP YOU, BUT
I CAN'T WORK IN THIS
ATMOSPHERE! MY CAR
IS OUTSIDE! WE'LL GO
TO MY OFFICE!

I'LL DO
ANYTHING,
DOCTOR!
ANYTHING!



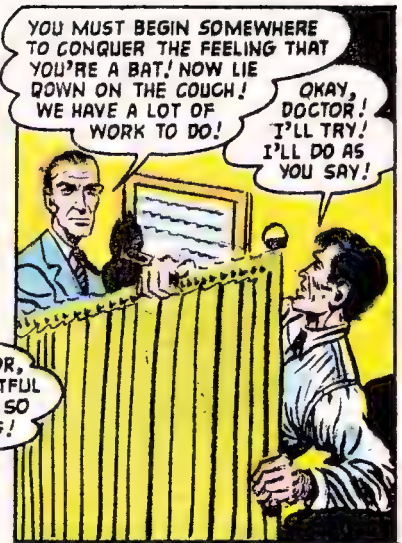


I HADN'T REALIZED IT
HAD GONE THIS FAR!
HIS APPETITE IS THAT
OF A BAT, TOO!



LATER, IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE ...
NO, MR. KEENE! NOT ON THE ROD!
I TOLD YOU TO LIE DOWN
ON THE COUCH!

BUT, DOCTOR,
IT'S SO RESTFUL
THIS WAY... SO
RELAXING!

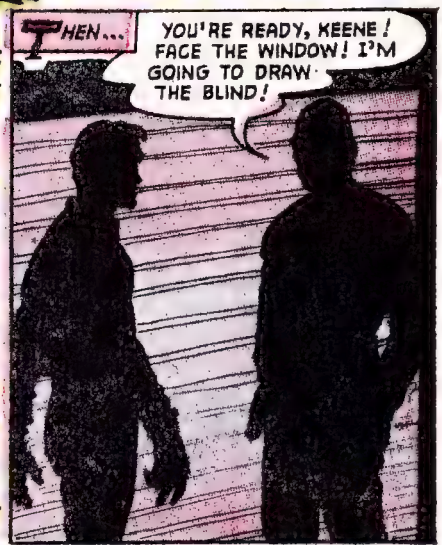


YOU MUST BEGIN SOMEWHERE
TO CONQUER THE FEELING THAT
YOU'RE A BAT! NOW LIE
DOWN ON THE COUCH!
WE HAVE A LOT OF
WORK TO DO!

OKAY,
DOCTOR!
I'LL TRY!
I'LL DO AS
YOU SAY!



FOR MANY DAYS, DR. SEBASTIAN WORKED ON KEENE, WATCHED HIM CLOSELY, NOTING THE CHANGES TAKING PLACE!



THEN...
YOU'RE READY, KEENE!
FACE THE WINDOW! I'M
GOING TO DRAW
THE BLIND!



SEE, YOU CAN FACE LIGHT! THE BAT-LOOK IS GONE! YOU'VE SHAVED, CLIPPED YOUR FINGER-NAILS AND NOW YOU'RE A NEW MAN! YOUR SPLIT PERSONALITY IS GONE AND YOU'LL HAVE NO MORE DELUSIONS THAT YOU'RE A BAT!



DOCTOR, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH YOU'VE HELPED ME! I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN! MY MIND IS WASHED CLEAN!



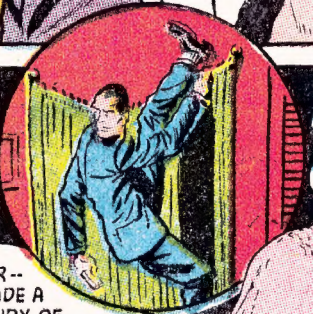
AND NOW, TO MAKE SURE THAT YOUR LAST HABIT IS BROKEN, GIVE ME THE BOX OF SPIDERS! I'LL GET RID OF THEM FOR YOU!

YES...IT REPULSES ME EVEN TO THINK OF IT NOW! GOODBYE, DOCTOR!

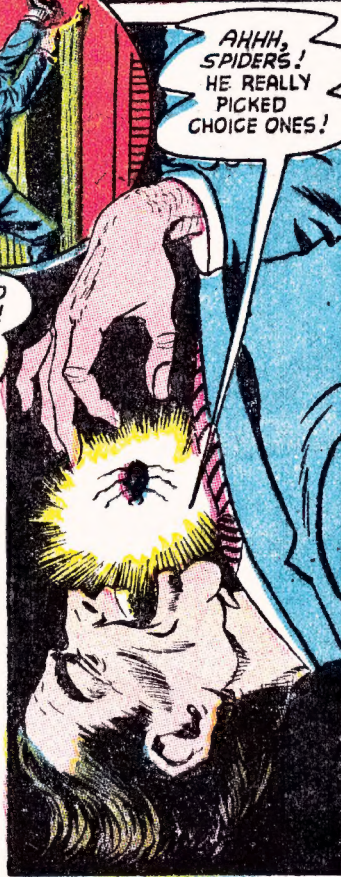


I JUST SAW MR. KEENE LEAVE, DOCTOR! HE LOOKS LIKE A NEW MAN! IF HE'S BEEN TO SO MANY OTHER PSYCHIATRISTS, HOW COME YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S BEEN ABLE TO HELP HIM?

ER--ER-- I'VE MADE A SPECIAL STUDY OF CASES LIKE HIS! AND NOW, EXCUSE ME! I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED! I'M TIRED!



AHHH, SPIDERS! HE REALLY PICKED CHOICE ONES!



HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING SPIDERS? SOUNDS NAUSEATING, DOESN'T IT? BUT ACTUALLY--TO MY TASTE-- THEY'RE NOT REALLY SO BAD!

GULP!
SMACK!
SMACK!
MMM!

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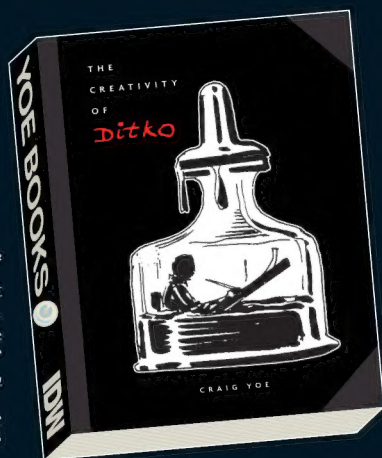
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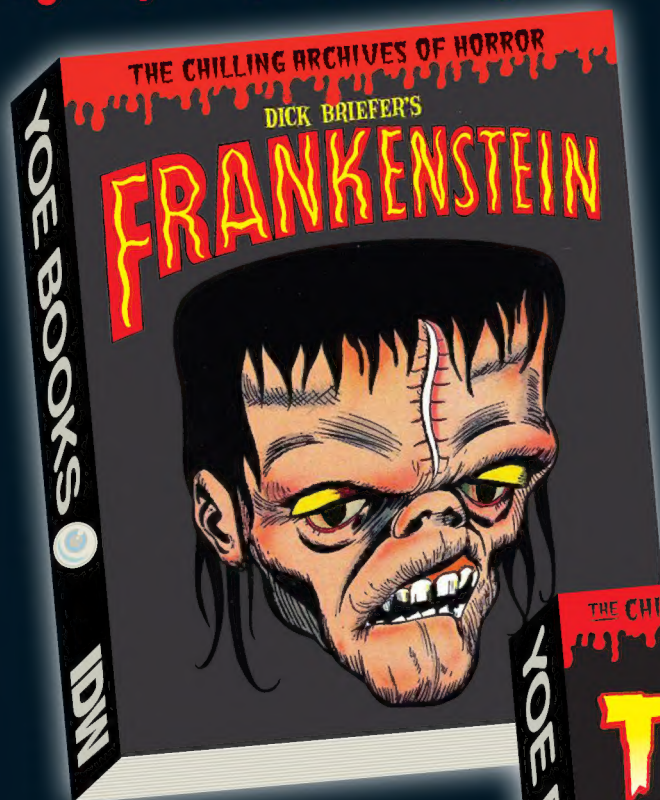


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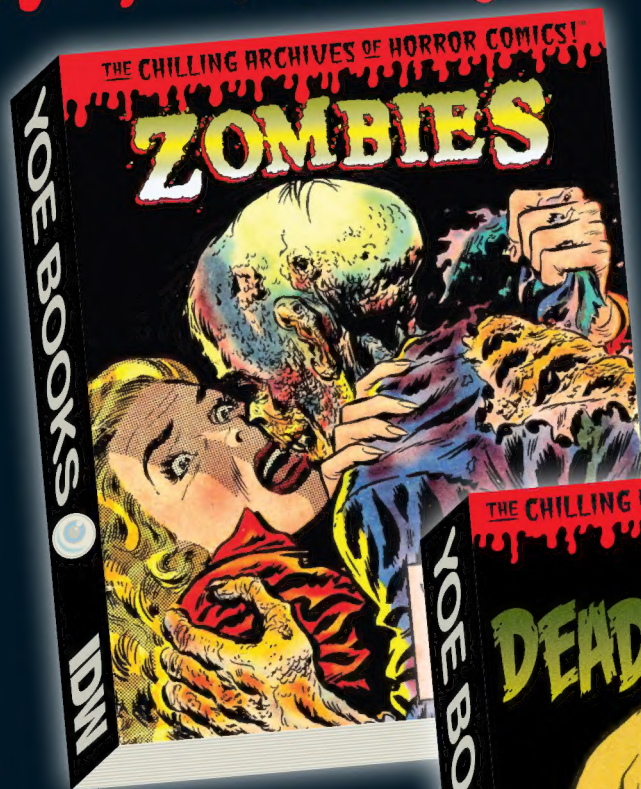


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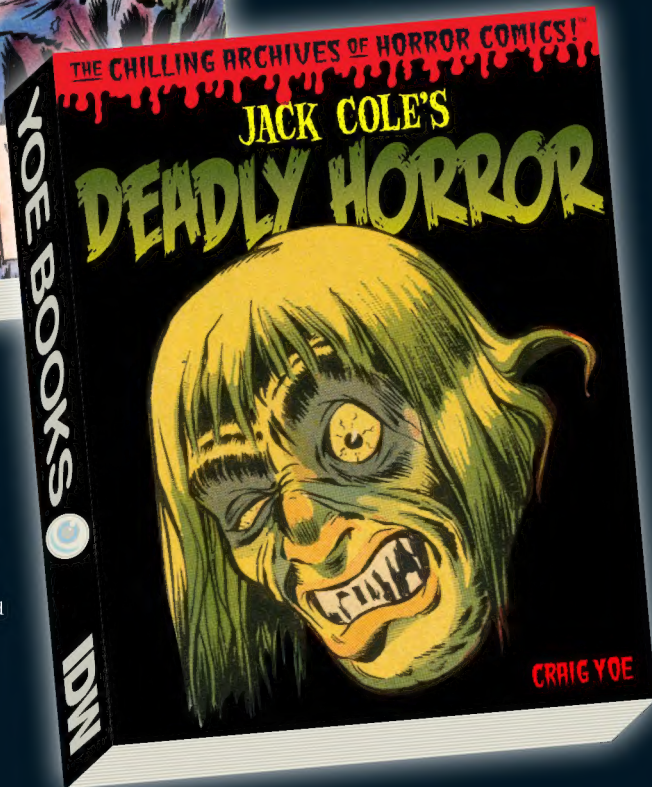


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